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WANDERINGS
OF
CHILDE HAROLDE.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

INTERSPERSED WITH
MEMOIRS OF THE ENGLISH WIFE, THE FOREIGN MISTRESS,
AND VARIOUS OTHER
CELEBRATED CHARACTERS.

BY JOHN HARMAN BEDFORD, LIEUT. R.N.

Author of Views on the Shores of the Black Sea, &c.

The cold in clime are cold in blood;
Their love, it scarce deserves the name;
But mine is like the lava flood,
That boils in Etna's breast of flame. LORD BYRON.

IN - THREE VOLUMES.

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WANDERINGS

OF

CHILDE HAROLDE.

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the Island of Ithaca.—Occupy the only good house in the place.—Arrival of another vessel, the yacht of Count St. Florian, a Sardinian noble.

THE Gut of Gibraltar was passed for the last time, and every league the vessel advanced towards her destination, was a step more distant from his native land, Harolde was destined never to retrace. It may appear strange, that a man so firmly attached to Old England should be driven from it for ever, by the whimsies of a weak, intemperate woman: to account for this, it is necessary to recollect, that women were the goddesses of his idolatry; they were the Baal to which he bowed the knee; he saw in them all that was heavenly, and could have used the words of Tommy Moore with sincerity of heart,

“ I devoutly believe there’s a heaven on earth,
And believe that this heaven’s in thee.”

He

He could not bear to tread the same soil with one he loved, and who loved him not in return. In all his attachments, no sooner did he perceive that the beloved object had changed her mind, or grew cool in her caresses, than he also changed, and assumed an indifference perseverance soon made him really feel—the case of his wife, to his credit be it spoken, was the only exception; he never ceased to deplore his separation from her, and blamed his own rashness without any cause. His daughter was the slender chain that bound his heart to the mother in fetters of adamant, and a noble heart was made completely miserable through the power of a foolish woman.

Harolde landed at Palermo, in Sicily, the hotbed of vice and immorality. The island was then protected by a British army,

army, who, instead of importing British morals, and setting the natives an example of good, had adopted all their vices, and practised evil without shame or reflection.

Harolde and Freeman travelled on horseback, attended by one faithful servant, over the island to Trapani, in the extremity of the isle, where they halted, in expectation of some vessel sailing for the Ægean Sea.

Trapani is a strong fortress, possessing a fine harbour, and carries on considerable traffic with Malta, which it supplies with fruits, bullocks, and wine, Malta not producing sufficient to supply its inhabitants for one year; and Sicily, the granary of the Mediterranean, with idle millions in her bosom, can support them for six years on a single year's harvest.

It was necessary to wait on the Governor,

nor, and shew their passports: he was a very gentlemanly man, above the middle age, and a General in the Neapolitan army.

Signior Darley invited the travellers to dinner, which they accepted; and as they were disengaged all the morning, he volunteered to shew them every thing worthy of notice.

Harolde declined visiting the citadel and batteries; he saw in them only works of art, for the havock of the human species, and lamented that "man's inhumanity to man" made such things necessary for self-preservation, equally with destruction.

The convent near Cape Palmerosa, long famous for having within its walls the most exalted females, in point of birth, that Sicily can boast, is also famed for the dissolute lives which the nuns lead. The

visitor is the Archbishop of Palermo, and he never calls but once a-year.

The Lady Abbess, at the time of our traveller's visit, was the celebrated Princess of H——, who, after a life of licentiousness, passed at the court of Sicily, retired here in her thirtieth year, and took the veil, led thereto by a disappointment where she had fixed her affections. The young nobleman who was the object of her amorous propensities turned a deaf ear to solicitations she was not ashamed to make, and one morning he was found murdered in the palace-court. The assassins, no doubt, were hired by the Princess, who, in a fit of religious enthusiasm—"the greater the sinner the greater the saint"—settled half her large fortune on the nobleman's intended bride, and retired to the convent of Palmerosa, the rules of which

which admit only a lady of royal blood to the rank of abbess.

This convent was founded by an ancestor of the noble family of Carvacioli, the last of whose male heirs, an admiral, was hanged at the yard-arm of a frigate, by Nelson, in Naples Bay, being taken in arms against his lawful sovereign, espousing the French cause.

Nelson had no right to order this man's execution; and it remains a stigma on his memory, notwithstanding all the arts of his friends and biographers have been sedulously used, to gloss it over as an act of absolute necessity, which he could not avoid performing.

Forty nuns are the number, who must be of noble families, and without fortune; they have a choice, when their noviciate is expired, either to remain and take the

veil, or go out, with a portion of ten thousand crowns as a marriage dower. The estates of Palmerosa continue to pay this sum; but from the unlimited indulgences granted to the nuns, and the delightful scenery they revel in, few ever leave the place.

The convent has the air of a palace, facing to the east; from it may be seen the island of Malta, and a landscape, stretching along the Sicilian shores, of unrivalled beauty. The gardens surrounding the convent are five miles in circumference, closed in by a stone wall, thirty feet high, but open to the sea, where there is a small cove, romantically placed amongst rocks, in which several little pleasure-boats are used by the nuns, who manage them with ease, in a sea where no billow rises in storm,

storm, nor a breeze blows less gentle than a virgin's sigh: these boats afford ample opportunities of carrying on intrigues with the neighbouring noblemen; and so little are the nuns restricted, that they often ride in parties to the extremity of the Cape, twenty miles in length, and ten across: the houris in Mahomet's Paradise cannot lead happier lives, or possess a more beautiful Eden; if sensual gratification be the *summum bonum* of existence, it is to be found here in perfection.

Harolde was introduced to the Lady Abbess in the convent parlour; she was still handsome. He had heard her praises sung a thousand times, when her rank, imprudence, and intrigues, resounded through all Italy; and he admitted—

“ She was fairer than your brightest bloom
 That Envy owns, now all her bloom has fled ;
 Fair as the form that, wove in Fancy’s loom,
 Floats in light vision round the poet’s head.”

The recollection of her lover’s fate steeled Harolde against her smiles, which were archly given to all. The Governor appeared on the very best terms possible with the lady ; and Freeman, forgetting the Pantalarian adventure, gazed upon her with admiration. The Governor could not prevail on the Abbess to introduce any of her pupils, except at the grate, but threw out a hint, that at night our travellers might be more fortunate, if the Governor pleased. Signior Darley bowed, and Harolde, having left a liberal present for the inferior nuns and attendants, they departed.

Dinner was served up in the English
 fashion,

fashion, and roast beef, with plum pudding, was a treat Freeman highly enjoyed. —“ You shall see my cook,” said the Governor ; and after dinner he was sent for.

There was not any thing particular in his outward appearance to distinguish him from a Sicilian ; but when Freeman presented him with a glass of wine, and asked him, in Italian, where he had learnt to make an English plum pudding, he replied—“ In Ireland, plase your honour.”

Our travellers were not a little surprised to hear Paddy’s genuine brogue in such a place, and were going to question him, when the Governor beckoned him to retire. He then began to explain, that he himself was an Irishman, though a stranger to the land of potatoes for many years.

His history is singular, and of a piece with that of many in this Romance of real

Life. In his boyhood, William Darley, of Dublin, enlisted in the royal marines; his family were one of the most ancient in Ireland, and having discovered him in the barracks at Chatham, they procured him a second lieutenancy, as no persuasion could induce him to quit the service he had chosen to embark in. He volunteered to serve on board of ship, and gained an honourable name in the battles for island empire in the West Indies, betwixt Victor Hughes, Sir George Grey, and Sir John Jervis. He also had the honour to serve in some ship with his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, and was honoured by his particular notice.

Darley was a man of the world, a *bon vivant*, replete with anecdote and wit; no one like him could "keep the table in a roar;" and wherever he went, the grave
and

and the gay were alike pleased with his company. Though a native of the island of saints, he had no saintly qualifications, but was more of a reprobate than a Christian. He commanded the marines on board one of Nelson's ships at the Nile, where he was conspicuous for his bravery, jesting in the heat of battle, with the same *sang-froid* he used when at ease over his bottle.

When Cardinal Ruffo raised an army in Calabria, and opposed the French General Macdonald, a British squadron was stationed in the gulf of Salerno, to cooperate with him as he advanced along shore towards Naples. The whole coast was occupied by French troops and Neapolitan rebels, so that all communication was cut off betwixt Cardinal Ruffo and the Commodore.

It

It was of essential importance that information should be conveyed to Ruffo, of the arrival in Naples Bay of Nelson and the British fleet, and Darley volunteered to make the attempt. He spoke Italian with ease; and, dressed as a peasant, he was landed during the night on the Cape of Salerno, with a pipe to play on, a gourd to drink from, and a leathern bag to hold his provender. He had a bullock and four goats, which he drove before him, and boldly advanced, singing, and playing on his pipe, to the city of Salerno, where he took his station amongst those who had merchandize to dispose of to the garrison.

He passed well for a mountaineer; and having disposed of his cattle, got hired as a servant by a rich widow, whom he accompanied to her farm about twelve miles inland,

inland, and an equal number from the head-quarters of Cardinal Ruffo's army. Darley had the stable assigned to him as a sleeping-place, and at supper, on the night of their arrival, the widow gave her son a passport to the out-posts of the French lines, where, at daybreak, he was to proceed with a grey horse for a Colonel who had purchased it from her.

These things were not lost upon Darley, who was directed to be in attendance on his master in the morning. He set out with him, both on foot, and leading the charger. They halted on a lonely spot, at some distance from the highway, and emptying the contents of a wallet on the grass, went to dinner; after which the young merchant laid down to sleep for an hour, directing Darley to rouse him.

The faithful servant did so, as soon as
he

he had passed a cord round his ankles and neck, and then across his mouth, as a gag which painful operation awoke him to a sense of his captivity. Darley assured him of his life if he remained quiet, and fastening him to a tree, neck and heels, transferred the passport, and what money he had, into his own pouch, and was in the act of mounting his horse, when the sound of trumpets announced the approach of French cavalry, and he distinctly heard the sound of their footsteps in the road.

His fortitude did not quit him in this perilous situation: he foresaw that he must, if taken, be hanged as a robber, or shot as a spy, neither of which modes of quitting existence suited his fancy. He turned his head on his prisoner, and observed that he succeeded in freeing his right arm from the rope, and was in the
act

act of removing it from his mouth. The horses' tramps were now not many yards distant, and a single halloo would bring them upon him ; he grasped his dirk, and silenced for ever the life of the young farmer and his own fears. In an instant he cut him loose from the tree, and plunging his body into a stream of water, it was seen no more.

Mounting his horse, he rode slowly after the French troops, consoling himself for the deed he had done, by reflecting the sufferer was a rebel, and assisting the enemies of his native country, and also the enemy of England, who were fighting to restore Ferdinand to his throne : he had still a better consolation than these, that the deed he had done was to preserve his own life ; and Darley's conscience was not susceptible of feeling remorse for any deed

deed sanctioned by the laws of war. He carelessly joined the French, and producing his passport, related his errand.

Fortunately they were going to the Colonel's post, for whom the horse was intended, and invited the mountaineer to bear them company.

In the ranks of this company were four British marines of Darley's own band, who had been made prisoners a few days only; one of them recognised his Captain, but made signs to him not to fear his blabbing. This gave him great uneasiness; but he arrived in safety within a mile of the Colonel's quarters, when he stopped at a wine-house, and called for refreshment. The soldiers marched on, and left him alone. He drank a few bottles with the landlord; and when night came on, he desired him to put him on the

the

the way to the out-posts of the French army.

The man cautioned him not to go to the right, for the lights on the hill were from Cardinal Ruffo's picquets, who, it was thought, would attack the enemy next day.

When his guide left him, he clapped metal to his horse's sides, and made for the mountain. He was challenged by the sentinels, and seized, when he made himself known to the subaltern, and at midnight had an interview with the Cardinal.

Darley had gathered from the troops on the road the weakness of their posts; and under his guidance, an assault was made on them at daybreak, which proved successful, and was followed up by a general engagement, which put the Cardinal
in

in possession of Salerno, and opened his communication with the British fleet.

The Cardinal solicited of Nelson permission for Darley to remain with him, which was granted. The rank of Colonel was given to him; and during a series of sanguinary battles, he contributed by his skill and valour to victory in them all.

At Naples Darley stormed the castle of Cameno, and raised three regiments, which he disciplined after the British fashion, and at the head of them was the terror of the enemy. He practised a *ruse de guerre* upon the Neapolitan ministers, and asserted that he was a descendant of the great Darley, the hero of Naples some centuries past. His majesty conferred on him the honour of knighthood, and made him a chamberlain of the empire, and a general.

Darley

Darley returned to England for a short time, and not being able to obtain leave of absence from his corps, he resigned his commission in the marines, and returned to the Sicilian service, where, after many hair-breadth escapes, he saw Ferdinand reseated on the throne of his birth-right.

Wearied with the intrigues of a court, he obtained the government of Trapani, the most honourable military command (save two) in the King's disposal. He had been there several years, highly beloved by all ranks of people; and the Irish cook, who had tickled Freeman's palate so delectably, was the marine who recognised his Captain under the disguise of a mountaineer.

Darley, who amused Harolde with this
narrative,

narrative, now proposed a walk to where he would introduce them to some ladies.

Freeman was glad to hear that the Lady Abbess would be one of the number; and for once he saw nothing to blame in Harolde's anxiety to form new female acquaintances.

After many circuitous windings through groves of myrtle, they reached a small pavilion, which overlooked the convent and all its grounds: the interior was elegantly furnished; and a middle-aged woman, who appeared to be the housekeeper, shewed them into a marble-paved hall, where wine and all sorts of refreshment were prepared for a numerous party. No person could have access to this abode, for the Governor locked several gates as they ascended, putting the key in his pocket.

In

In a few minutes after they were seated, the Lady Abbess and several nuns arrived, who unveiled without ceremony. None of them were young, nor of superior beauty, bearing more the appearance of loose Cyprians than holy devotees. They were not averse to a glass of wine; and danced, sung, and played on several instruments scientifically. Their accomplishments equalled their profligacy; and Harolde, though he joined in the festive mirth with good humour, could not esteem his depraved companions.—“No man is a hero before his *valet de chambre*,” nor in the company of dissolute females, after the rosy god has mounted in fumes to the secret recesses of the brain, and by the assistance of passion, turned reason topsyturvy in his throne.

Harolde forgot for a few hours his own
character,

character, and the recollection of former loves, whose most wanton excesses were purity, compared to this scene of Bacchus and Venus inspiring their votaries in the enchanted heights of Trapani.

As for Darley, his military habits made him think lightly of such transactions; he thought all women were fair game, and those which took the least trouble to bring down, he conceived afforded the most delicious sport, and were most desirable.

Freeman listened to the Princess, with that devout attention an ancient pilgrim would to a Pythoness at the oracle of Apollo; and casting aside his philosophic mantle, he became boisterously amusing, jesting on the different ages of the Princess and his young dulcinea at Pantalària, in allusion to which he sung—

“ Here’s

“ Here’s to the maiden of bashful sixteen,
Likewise to the widow of fifty,”

to the great amusement of Darley, who had not enjoyed an evening’s English society for several years—if that can be called society, where noise and ribaldry were echoed by voluptuousness and indecency. The night was spent in a way Harolde wished to forget when he came to his senses, and which Freeman blushed to think of before the sun gave sufficient light to shew a blush on his countenance. Harolde having given the reins to his passions, let them riot uncontrolled, and extended his vagaries to many more days and nights than one, the governor and the nuns keeping him at Trapani a whole month after he had engaged a vessel to carry him away.

Darley was a bachelor, and a dissipated

one ; and in his company Harolde became depraved, and Freeman quite corrupted—so true it is, that “ Evil communication corrupts good manners.” In time Harolde assumed courage to depart, accompanied with vain regrets, self-disapprobation, and a constitution shaken by intemperance.

I again beg the reader not to condemn Harolde for this conduct ; he was no hero ; this is a romance of real life, and will not admit of a hero to carry it on ; the persons in it are neither superior to human frailties, or below the imperfections of man in his most corrupt state.

“ Be to their faults a little blind,
Be to their virtues very kind,”

and you will find more to please than condemn.

Harolde embarked in a Venetian treba-
culo,

culo, not well fitted to sustain the buffetings of a tempest ; and on the second day, one assailed them,

“ As if the wrathful demons of the wind,
Had all the horrors of the storm combin’d ;
And here to one ill-fated ship oppos’d,
At once the dreadful magazine disclos’d.”

Harolde refused to take shelter in the port of Malta, and the master bore away for Corfu, or any of the Ionian islands they could reach. Night overtook them, with rain, thunder, and lightning ; and the billows made a breach over the vessel with resistless power. Amidst the terrors of the mariners, who were all rank cowards, Harolde found time to jest, and proposed throwing Freeman overboard, as a propitiation to Neptune and Boreas ; not doubting, he said, “ but like Camoens, he would swim to land, with his book dry

over his head; and for himself, he would tune his lyre, like Arion, and charm the dolphins to give him a ride into port."

Harolde often said he set no value upon life, and he always shewed a contempt for death, which either arose from indifference as to his future existence, or a moral certainty that he must exchange this being for a better. We will charitably suppose the latter, from the strong sense and enlightened understanding he possessed.

The ship was driven past Corfu, Zante, and Cephalonia, up the Gulf of Venice, and the sickly sun discovered them close to the island of Ithaca.

"A shore where shelves and hidden rocks abound,
And death in secret ambush lurks around."

All their efforts to weather the land on either side were useless; every stitch of
canvas

canvas was no sooner spread, than it was blown from the yards; the rocks were tremendously high, and the sea dashing against their base, sent the whitened spray far above the inaccessible cliffs. Harolde thanked God that no one he loved was going to suffer with him; and he parted with Freeman, as Brutus did with Cassius, "for ever and for ever." Poor Freeman could have died better before he visited Trapani, which made his conscience rather uneasy; but he had philosophy to bear with resignation a fate which seemed unavoidable. The shore was crowded with people, who run to and fro, but could render no assistance; and the master, quitting the helm, resigned himself to despair, and called on the Virgin most piteously for help.

“ And now lash'd on by destiny severe,
With horror fraught the dreadful scene drew near;
The ship hangs hovering on the verge of death,
Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers roar beneath.”

At last the keel struck upon a rock, and all the masts fell overboard. Several of the crew, clinging to them, were carried into the breakers, and perished. A returning sea from the rocks released the vessel from her perilous situation, and drove her rapidly round a jutting point into a small creek, where she fell broadside on a sandy beach, and by help of the natives, every person was landed in safety, having only to regret their companions, whose fears induced them to trust their salvation to the masts and yards. The ways of Providence are dark and mysterious, and till his appointed time arrives, every man may be accounted immortal.

The

The island of Ithaca is chiefly inhabited by fishermen, and if it were not more fruitful in ancient times, it was not worth the trouble Ulysses had to find it on his return from the siege of Troy. Harolde took up his residence at the best house on the island, and waited patiently until the ship had again been put into repair. This occupied some weeks, and a vessel was reported to have anchored under the lee of the island, bearing Venetian colours. Freeman was sent to reconnoitre, and made a report that she was a pleasure yacht, the property of Count St. Florian, a Sardinian nobleman, who had his wife and family on board.

Harolde took his gun, and walked over the hills to offer him the use of his house, and every accommodation his stores could afford, as Freeman learnt they had been

trying in vain to find a house fit to receive them, the lady's health requiring her instant removal to the shore.

CHAP. II.

She lives, she breathes, and we may yet be happy. SHAKESPEARE.

.....

A long lost friend, miraculously restor'd,
Smiles at this cheerful hearth and social board ;
Warm from his heart the tears of rapture flow,
And virtue triumphs o'er remember'd wo. CAMPBELL.

Harolde visits the shore near the Count's yacht.—An interesting child and a communicative nurse.—His surprise to find in the Countess *St. Florian* his long-loved, long-lost *Berenice*.—The Count accepts a share of his house.—The joy of *Harolde* and *Berenice*.—Notice of *Ithaca*.—*Harolde* relates to the Countess his wanderings, the confession of *Lamska*, and that she is not the daughter of *Bernardo*.—*Penelope's* Garden.—The tale of the Countess.—Recollections of juvenile days in Cyprus.—*Bernardo* a collector of Greek tribute for the Bashaw—his extravagance—her mother's awe of him.—Dark hint from an Armenian merchant.—*Lamska's* influence.—A mother's innocence doubted.—The old Bashaw is promised the hand of *Berenice* when she is a few years older.—*Bernardo* loses his office—leaves *Lernicah* after selling his estates.—A house and garden left for *Berenice* in charge of the merchant *Demetrius*.

—Proceed to Lucca.—Quarrels betwixt *Bernardo* and *Berenice's* mother—she dies, supposed to have been poisoned by *Lamska*, whom she accuses with her dying breath.—*Bernardo* arrested—he accuses *Lamska* of his wife's murder.—*Lamska* escapes.—*Bernardo* sells the estates, and goes to Marseilles—his care of *Berenice*.—Arrival at *Elba*—she is shocked to find *Lamska* again in attendance on *Bernardo*—his excuses for it.—*Harolde's* observations on liberty and slavery.—*Berenice* interrupted in her narration.—A confession of love on both sides.

THE day was remarkably fine, and *Harolde*, after sporting over the hills (if shooting curlews can be called sporting), descended into the vale, and rested himself on a bench at the door of a cottage, whose inhabitants, with genuine Greek hospitality, which has never altered since the days of Homer and Hesiod, presented him with milk and fruits. The girls surrounded him, eager to shew respect to the stranger; and having made their best courtesies, sat down to their usual occupations

—making

—making silk nets and cotton caps, which they do with wonderful neatness. Harolde was sensible that you cannot offend a Greek more than to offer payment for refreshment had as a passing traveller; so to gratify himself, without wounding their feelings, he purchased a silk purse, and other articles of the old cottager, for which he liberally paid him. The old man supposed him to be the Sardinian nobleman, whose yacht had recently arrived, and regretted that his humble roof could not afford comfortable shelter for one of his rank and consequence. It appeared the Count had sent to examine his apartments, and the Greek intimated to Harolde that his lady's nurse was inside watching the child, which had gone to sleep on her knees. Harolde desired to see her when the baby awoke, and presently she

made her appearance. She stated, in reply to his inquiries, that she was nurse to the Countess's only son, a boy betwixt three and four years of age. She had come with them from Cagliari in Sardinia, and they were bound to Venice, where the Count had business, and proposed residing for a year or more.

The child now came toddling out of the cottage, and in the most familiar manner, attempted to climb up the knee of Harolde. He lifted it up, and kissed it, for he was extremely fond of infantine simplicity, often having these words in his mouth, when parents have checked their children for being troublesome to him, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." The little one played with his shot-belt and watch-chain,

and

and lisped away prettily in the Sardinian dialect.

The features of this child appeared to be familiar to his recollection, and he persuaded himself he had once known some one they greatly resembled. Understanding that the Count and his lady were taking a walk, he wrote a note, for permission to wait upon them, which he requested the girl to take, and bring him a reply.

The little boy cried, and begged, as well as he could, to remain with his new acquaintance, and the girl went away alone. Harolde was leaning over the child, who had slid to the ground, and was busily employed counting the buttons and clasps on his gaiters; "men are but children of a larger growth," and both were equally amused. He heard a rustling of silks, and
lifting

lifting his head, beheld, standing before him, the figure of his long-regretted and never-to-be-forgotten Berenice.

She also recognised him at one glance and fainted in his arms. She recovered, and endeavoured to compose herself. The recollection of the circumstances under which she had first met and parted with Harolde—the fearful events that followed their separation—all rushed upon her memory, and she repeatedly swooned away.

Harolde finally induced her to be more composed; and the girl's arrival with a message that the Count was coming, shewed her the absolute necessity of assuming a tranquil air.

“And what is the Count to you?” asked Harolde with anxiety.

“He is my husband—this is my boy.”

Harolde

Harolde bore this firmly; he saw her—he had found her once more, and he dreamt only of future happiness, nor once cast a thought towards any obstacles in his way.

They had not time for explanation, when the Count came up, and acknowledged the polite attention of Harolde, in terms that shewed him the accomplished gentleman.

Harolde assured him that his habitation was sufficiently large to accommodate him and family with comfort, and insisted upon their removing to it without delay, urging the apparently weak health of the Countess, who had good cause to look pale and ill.

The Count feared she had overwalked herself; and Harolde was desirous of moving, before the cottagers discovered any thing

thing of the scene they had witnessed with surprise. The girl was dispatched to the yacht, with orders for the baggage to be disembarked; and Harolde, taking the hand of the little boy, led the way to his dwelling.

Four years had gone by since he had lost Berenice at Lampedosa; her form was thinner, but her features still the same, and he should have known her beneath any disguise. He was himself sunburnt and careworn; but to Berenice, he appeared the same good-hearted creature, and as dear to her as ever. The impression he had made on her heart remained firmly fixed; she had indeed married, but not from real affection—more to repay a debt of gratitude, than in hopes to be happy herself by the union.

Freeman fortunately was absent in the
fields

fields when the party arrived; and Harolde, having put the Count in possession of the best rooms, made an excuse, whilst the servants prepared refreshments, and flew on the wings of delight to find his friend. Freeman could scarce credit the tale of this romantic meeting, and absolutely believed Harolde had taken leave of his senses.

As they journied homewards, they met the Count, who was going to the yacht, for something he had forgotten to order, which gave Harolde time to prepare the Countess for receiving Freeman.

She wept at the interview; and it was agreed by all, that their former acquaintance should be kept a secret from the Count, and Freeman introduced in his presence as a total stranger.

Harolde had a hundred questions to ask,
and

and so had Berenice; but they suspended their curiosity until next day, when the Count was certain to be out with his hounds and gun—he was a keen sportsman, even to neglecting his wife for a fox-chase—and Harolde heard a hint given, which both pleased and displeased him, that the Count was but an indifferent husband.

The apartments were fitted out as comfortably as could be expected, and at supper every one appeared happy. The Count was a *bon vivant*, and pushed the bottle about briskly, and explained that he was on a voyage partly of business and pleasure.

“ My father has not been dead many years, and left behind him a large sum of money in the bank of Venice. The Sardinian laws forbid a nobleman to engage
in

in trade, on pain of forfeiting his rank and possessions ; but my father, under a fictitious name, entered into partnership with a Venetian merchant, and he wrote to me frequently to come and settle the accounts, a large balancee being left in my favour. I was on my way thither, when we were compelled to drive about these islands, by a violent gale of wind, and with difficulty reached anchorage, where you found us out."

Harolde immediately uttered one of those little falsehoods, which, being told without premeditation, are not to be tried in the crucible of refined honour: he declared that he also was bound to Venice, and his business was likely to detain him there for a considerable time. He remembered the nurse saying, that the Count intended a year's residence at Venice, and

wisely

wisely thought it would prevent inquiry at a future time, if he at once announced his intentions also to remain for an indefinite period.

A proposition was made by the Count that as Harolde's vessel was only hired, he should discharge her, and, with his friend accept a passage on board his yacht.

Harolde looked at Berenice, and accepted the offer.

The Count intended to remain at Ithaca, now his lady was comfortably situated, a short time, to enjoy his favourite amusements of hunting and fishing; Harolde had no objection, for where Berenice was, he could not be unhappy;

“ With thee conversing, I forget

All times, all seasons, and their changes.”

To Freeman the barren shores of Ithaca
afforded

afforded ample food for research ; it was yet grand in decay. The dust of ages had not embedded all its ruins—here and there a mouldering wall or trembling tower, and a marble pillar, bore testimony that

“ The long-lost isle of Ithacus the wise”

had once been worthy of the renown given to it in the immortal verse of the blind bard.

Ithaca was then under the guardian care of Great Britain, as one of the Ionian Islands; it sent members to the senate, and paid its contributions to the state. At the eastern extremity of the island, a small garrison of English and Greek troops kept guard, more for shew than any real use. The inhabitants were few and inoffensive, nor likely to rebel against that authority

authority which permitted them to pursue the even tenour of their way in peace; whilst the neighbouring coast of the Morea was every where agitated, and blood-dyed, through the ambitious designs of Ali, Pacha of Albania, who aimed at the sovereignty of Greece, and total expulsion of the Turks from Europe.

The Count began his sports, and from day to day continued them—his company only was to be had in the evenings; Freeman, absorbed in study, always preferred being alone; and Harolde, with Berenice, wandered amongst the vineyards and olive groves unmolested, and both of them happier than they had been for many years.

Harolde very gently, and at different times, told her every occurrence after her departure from Lampedosa. She shed tears for the cruel fate of her faithful

French

French servant, and sympathized in the sufferings of Harolde, when he mistook the mangled body for hers. The confession of Lamska she knew to be true in most points, and rejoiced unfeignedly that Bernardo was not her real father.

There is, on the southern shore of Ithaca, a beautiful mount, spangled with flowers, and rich with the most delicious fruits; on the summit stand the remains of an ancient bath, through which a small stream of water glides, and meanders away to the ocean, where a harbour for boats has been formed by Grecian industry. This little promontory is called "Penelope's Garden," for no other reason than that fondness the modern inhabitants have of doing honour to the glory of their ancestors, with whose histories the very lowest vinedresser is familiar.

On

On this spot Harolde and Berenice reclined; and as the child gathered flowers, which he laid at their feet, like a Cupid doing homage to Venus and Adonis, she told her tale, interrupted by sighs and tears, which Harolde mingled with his own.

“ I have no recollection of ever being at any place in my infancy but the island of Cyprus, where we resided in a handsome country seat, three miles from Larnacah. My father, who I always thought was a Greek, held an office under the Bashaw, as a collector of tribute from his countrymen: this made him very unpopular, as it was the price of their slavery; and he exacted it with a rigid hand, frequently calling in the aid of Turkish soldiers, to compel prompt payment: he was gloomy and reserved in his disposition;

tion; and at a very early age, I observed my mother was far from happy.

“ We kept up a princely establishment; all the pomp of eastern grandeur attended our progress through the district, when my father travelled to discharge the duties of his disagreeable office; and next to the Bashaw, no man exercised greater power, or conducted himself with such arrogance towards his suffering countrymen (as I supposed the Greeks to be).

“ My mother attended to my education herself; and as her accomplishments were far superior to those possessed by the Cyprian ladies, I frequently, urged by infantine curiosity, begged to know where she learnt those things which made her appear so much above all our acquaintances. She always avoided entering into any explanation, assuring me she was a

native of Cyprus, which I never doubted; but I had heard conversations betwixt her and my father, relating to other countries, which convinced me they had not always been confined to the boundaries of the island.

“ I have every reason to believe Lam-ska's confession true, and my supposed father, who I shall in future call Bernardo, must, in his career of piracy, have obtained that knowledge of Greece, and its language, which enabled him to pass for a native of Cyprus, and recommended him to the Bashaw.

“ It was customary for Bernardo to receive, through the medium of an Armenian merchant, who travelled into foreign countries, and resided, when at home, at Famagusta, the capital of Cyprus, large sums of money every year, for which he

and my mother jointly signed a receipt when it was delivered. This money was always anxiously looked for by Bernardo, as it paid his bills, and enabled him to pursue his course of extravagance for another year. He had no economy; and his pride was to outshine, in dress and equipage, all around him.

“ Once this important payment was delayed, and Bernardo acted like a madman on the occasion, raving that he was ruined, and throwing out dark threats to my mother, which made me shudder to hear. She told me it was on my account that she suffered such ill treatment, as she wished to prevent me being exposed to want when she was dead and gone; and I have since believed that at this time she made an effort to reserve the stream of wealth which annually flowed upon us,

and was dissipated shamefully, for my future use; but she was very mild and timid, standing in great awe of Bernardo, in whose presence she trembled with terror, and generally yielded obedience to his threats.

“ The Armenian merchant arrived at Lernicah; and being invited to take up his abode with us, he remained several days, during which he was often closeted with my mother and Bernardo; finally the usual payment was made, and Bernardo once more resumed his civility and extravagance.

“ The old merchant was quite a different being from the Greeks and Turks of our acquaintance; he discoursed without reserve, and poured forth such a fund of interesting information, as to other countries, that I eagerly sought his company,
and

and he appeared to take a great interest in my future prospects.

“ Bernardo very seldom left home whilst he continued our guest, and took care not to let me be alone with him, when he could help it. One day he asked me if I knew a black man named Lam-ska? and I replied, that he was the confidential steward of Bernardo.

‘ He is a villain, and a murderer; and Bernardo may not be your father.’

“ At this interesting moment Bernardo came in, and I never afterwards had an opportunity of meeting the Armenian alone, who soon took his leave.

“ Bernardo was apparently delighted when he was gone; and my mother quite dejected. I made her acquainted with the conversation I had with the Armenian—it threw her into such dreadful agitation,

that I solemnly promised never to mention it again. The suspicions which were raised in my mind could not, however, be silenced. Lamska the black always accompanied Bernardo in collecting tribute, when he went without my mother and myself: he seldom came into my mother's presence, who always seemed shocked at his sight: they seldom spoke when they met. She viewed him with horror, and he returned her glances with supercilious contempt. I could not conceive why she felt the former, and endured the latter; unhappily the confession of the wretch has afforded me a painful clue for unravelling what then appeared to me so very mysterious: that he murdered my father, the evidence of Scarpio is sufficient proof, without his self-condemnation; but that my mother was privy to it, I cannot bring myself

myself to suppose—she was so good and gentle.”

“Pass that over; it distresses you, my love,” said Harolde: “she is now in the hands of *one* who alone knows the truth; and guessing will only make you more miserable, but never the wiser.”

Berenice wiped away a falling tear, and Harolde, gently pressing her hand, she proceeded:—“Lamska had a very handsome mansion in Lernicah, and kept two or three wives, for he was a notorious reprobate; but the countenance of Bernardo secured him from punishment, for the numerous scrapes in which he was involved by his profligacy.

“The Bashaw of Lernicah frequently honoured us with his company. Young as I was, the hoary old wretch took particular notice of my growing charms. I

played upon the harp and dulcimer, and sang, to amuse him, by my father's orders; and I at last was given to understand, by Bernardo, that it would be well if I paid him more attention, as he intended, at a proper time, to make me his wife.

“ You may judge, young as I was, of the horror this avowal gave me; love had then never entered my bosom, or disturbed an hour of my repose; but the idea of forsaking the flowery fields, bidding adieu to all my rambles by the beach, and being shut up in a gloomy harem, condemned to the torment of an old monster's society, was to me worse than death. I sought for consolation in my mother's breast, which she could not afford me, only declaring, that it should not be so if she could help it.

“ I

“ I knew, alas ! too well the passive obedience she paid to Bernardo, to have any hope in the feeble opposition she could offer to his will ; and the Bashaw’s will was a law ; he could, when he pleased, seize upon my person, and consign me to his harem with impunity. Such atrocities he had often practised, and it was said Bernardo assisted him, and even pointed out the young and beautiful Greeks worthy of his notice.

“ After this, I experienced but little happiness, and the removal of the Bashaw to Famagusta, where he was appointed to a superior province, gave me an interval of comfort, and a ray of hope—led me to think I might in time be forgotten.

“ The new Bashaw dismissed my father from his office of collector ; and, without a powerful protector, he was assailed by

the Greeks, who had suffered from his pride and cruelty, and his safety became very precarious. The old Bashaw, however, wrote to him from his new government of Famagusta, that in the course of two years the collector of tribute for that office, who was appointed by the viceroy, would resign his place, and that he had secured the reversion of it for Bernardo. He invited him, at the expiration of that time, to join him, and bring me—the devoted victim, who would then be marriageable, and he would fulfil his promise of making me his wife.

“Bernardo’s ambition was now roused from the abject state into which his fallen fortunes had reduced him: the Bashaw of Famagusta was only one step removed from being Viceroy of Cyprus, a post to which they generally succeed; and Bernardo,

cardo, by turning Mahometan, doubted not he should become his vizier ; nay, he painted his future prospects to my mother and me without disguise ; and the indifference with which he spoke of abandoning the faith of Jesus Christ, chilled us to the very soul.

“ I never felt for him any real affection as a parent, but obeyed him from a religious sense of duty, and the hint of the Armenian, that he might ‘ possibly not be my father,’ I often wished to find realized ; but my mother’s assurances that he was my father, forbade me to act otherwise than as a dutiful child.

“ The Greeks became so clamorous against Bernardo, that the new Bashaw threatened him with imprisonment and the bowstring ; to avoid which, he made a private journey to the capital, and re-

turned with a firman of the Viceroy, giving him all the privileges of a Turk, and for ever silencing his enemies.

“ All our equipages were now laid down, and the whole of our immense estates sold, except a small house, that in which Lamska resided at Lernicah.

“ Bernardo could not brook to grovel amongst people over whom he had tyrannised, and prepared to leave Cyprus. My mother had sunk into a state of such deep dejection, that she submitted to go wherever he pleased to direct; and I was glad to depart, hoping by such a step to hear no more of the old Bashaw. To my sorrow, I learnt from my mother that he was pledged to return with me to Famagusta in a given time, when I was to be given up to the arms of the Bashaw, in exchange for the collectorship which Bernardo

do was to receive. A respite was to be a desirable event; and I flattered myself something would occur, to change my apparent dreadful destiny.

“ I was told that the object of our voyage was to dispose of some estates which a relation of my mother, who died in Italy, had bequeathed to her; and Bernardo often swore that he would not enter Famagusta, except in a style becoming the high office he was to hold. On our departure, the house, and a few acres of garden ground, were consigned to the care of a merchant, named Demetrius, who had always been attached to my mother's interests. She positively refused to sell these small possessions; and Demetrius told me in secret that they were settled on me, in case of her death.

“ We had a disagreeable voyage, Ber-
nardo

cardo and my mother continually disputing; and Lamiska the black was often called in, when I heard him threaten discoveries, which always succeeded in making her silent.

“We landed at Leghorn, and journeyed to the city of Lucca, where we took up our residence in a superb palace, and a little French girl was appointed to attend upon my person—her whose fate you made me acquainted with, and whom I shall always remember with gratitude, for her attachment to me. Lamiska the black was the only attendant upon Bernardo, and he never ventured beyond the palace gates, where we were all of us like prisoners.

“My mother and Bernardo were always jarring; and she one morning, when I was kneeling by her bedside, as she had
not

not strength to sit up more than a few hours in the day; told me, that the palace, and all belonging to it, were hers, and would be mine.—‘Bernardo,’ she added, ‘wants me to sign away my right and title, that he may sell them; but I have not long to live, and will see justice done to you, if I can communicate with the officers of justice.’

“From this time she gathered strength, and expressed her intentions of soon going abroad. Bernardo seemed to acquiesce in what she said, and a little confidence revived betwixt them. Alas, my dear friend, it was only the forerunner of misery and desolation!

“We had passed some pleasant days, and Bernardo remarked that my mother was now able to go out, and proposed a visit on the ensuing day to some part of
the

the estates. She was pleased at the idea; and contrary to her usual custom, partook of some wine and fruit that Lamska had set on the table. Towards evening a sudden illness came over her, and in the presence of myself and servant, she exclaimed—‘Lead me to the sofa—that fruit was poisoned, I fear, by Lamska!—and you, my child, what will become of you?’

“We had raised her up on pillows, when the door opened, and Bernardo, with Lamska, entered. She put her trembling hands over her eyes, and faintly uttered—‘Save me from the murderer!’ It was her last words: she continued to breathe for several hours, during which Bernardo sat by her side; and when she expired, his distress appeared to equal mine. I was removed to a distant apartment; and when I recovered my senses,

my

my faithful servant told me I had been delirious for three days, during which there had been strange doings—that the officers of justice had forced their way into the palace, and arrested Bernardo, but Lamska had escaped.

“The body of my mother was opened, and it was ascertained her death was occasioned by poison. Bernardo accused Lamska of the deed, and offered a thousand crowns reward for his apprehension.— ‘Bernardo, signora, whom some people say is not your real father, has been released from prison ; but,’ said the artless girl, ‘every one says he is as guilty as the black man, if it could be brought home to him.’

“I put an end to this conversation : the apparent sorrow of Bernardo at my mother’s death deceived me into a belief of his sincerity, though, since you have related

lated to me Lamska's confession, I account for his close attendance on my speechless mother by his fears lest she should recover, and accuse the real murderers, of which he must have been the principal.

“ Still cherishing the belief that he was my parent, now my only protector, I submitted implicitly to all his directions. My frame had received such a shock by my mother's tragical end, that death threatened me also; and Bernardo, by the advice of physicians, resolved to try the climate of the south of France, to see if it would restore me. I foolishly believed this spring from his anxiety for my welfare; but at a future period, accident threw in my way one of his letters, from which I gathered that he dreaded the loss of me only as a blow to the ambitious views he had formed in Cyprus, where he need not
return,

return, unless he carried me with him, as a sacrifice to the old Bashaw.

* It is strange, my dear friend, that under the impression of Bernardo being my parent, I found excuses for his conduct, even on this point, and he laboured to make me believe it was my aggrandizement he sought, and not his own. To see me Vice Queen of Cyprus, he declared, would be all he wished in this world, and he then could die contented.

"I understood from my servant that he produced deeds in the courts of law, signed by my poor mother, and which obtained him a decree to sell the estates she had promised to retain in her power for my sake. I reflected, that a few days preceding her death they had been on very good terms together; and that then, with her usual weakness, she had consented to
the

the sale of her property. Bernardo assured me she had done so; and our religion denounces such heavy curses on disobedient children, I trembled at the idea of doubting a father's truth, or daring to question the purity of his proceedings, even in thought.

“By Bernardo's unremitting attentions to me, he strove to make up for the loss I had experienced in my mother; and a few months' residence amongst the mountain scenery near the city of Marseilles, restored me to health of body, and a tolerable share of tranquillity came over my mind.

“We embarked for the Morea, intending from thence to proceed under Turkish protection to Cyprus, when chance threw us upon the island of Elba, where I first found out that Lamska had come with us from France, and was admitted into the secret councils

councils of Bernardo as heretofore. I recollected the reward of a thousand crowns offered at Lucca for this villain's apprehension by Bernardo, and could not conceive how he would now associate with a wretch he had accused of being my mother's murderer. I spoke to him frankly on the subject, and he said it was for his own security and mine that he had to notice Lamska, but whom he intended bringing to justice, as soon as he had collected certain proofs of his guilt—'Hereafter,' he continued, 'you shall know all my reasons, and be convinced what a kind parent I have been to you.' With this, and a promise that Lamska should never come into my presence, I was obliged to be satisfied.

“Vanity, and that silly ambition which is gratified by pomp and outward shew,
had

had a firm hold on Bernardo's mind. The despotic sway he had borne as a pirate chieftain, and the Bashaw's scourge of the Cyprian Greeks, unfitted him to live contented in a Christian land, where an equality of rights knit men together for mutual support and comfort. I have observed that people differ according to the constellation by which they are governed. My residence of two years in France, and since in Sardinia, has given me a just abhorrence of Turkish despotism.

“ Bernardo, accustomed to the servile attendance of beings under the perpetual influence of terror, could not put up with that generous service which is given freely, when paid liberally : habituated to be obeyed from fear, he scorned the sincere duty springing from real affection, and he panted to reach the Morea, where
his

his firman from the Viceroy of Cyprus, and present wealth, would make him a lord of slaves in abundance."

" Ah !" exclaimed Harolde, whose British feelings were roused by this natural observation of Berenice, " in Cyprus, my dear friend, where the law is military, or, at least, the civil power of your nation subject to military control, not only are the Turks themselves dissatisfied, but the Greeks cruelly treated. The natural consequence of overstretched authority in the first ruling power is, that it spreads its baneful operation over all beneath it: the Sultan rules with a heavy hand—his Viziers and Bashaws do the same; they must submit un murmuring to their superior, and therefore look for the same blind submission from their inferiors; if they do not find it readily given, oppression descends,

scends, and punishment springing from the caprice of one man is always unjust and cruel.—

‘The self-dependent lordling stands alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown.’

“The spirit of a Turk is tyrannical—his religion inspires him with despotic ideas: he recognises no duty in his slaves but that of unqualified obedience—no reverence short of actual prostration. The slave must not think or act contrary to his *dictum*. Even the night, hallowed to repose, is not the slave’s, to call his own; he must watch and wake over the interests of a master who considers him a beast, made to toil for his ease, and who is not allowed to share in the produce of his labour.—

‘I would

‘ ————— I would not have a slave
 To fan me while I sleep, and tremble when I wake,
 ————— For all the wealth
 That sinews bought and sold have ever earn’d.’

“In England, the poorest labourer is free; and yet we have vassals prompt in obedience, and willing to toil for hire: give any poor wretch a portion of freedom worth defending, a something to call his own, and the discontented slave will gradually change into the generous servant, free as his master, and still willing to serve him—

‘ Heaven, forming each on other to depend—
 A master, or a servant, or a friend,
 Bids each on other for assistance call,
 Till one man’s weakness grows the strength of all.’

“But I interrupt you, my dear Berenice; I detest tyrants, and feel so keenly for humble slaves, that I have been falsely

ranked amongst the disaffected, because I have expressed my indignation at corruptions which debase the best and only free government under the sun—that of Great Britain.”

“It was an easy matter,” continued Berenice, “for Bernardo to have taken a passage to Leghorn, and thence have gone by land to the Morea; but the dread, I suppose, of Lamska’s apprehension, and the trouble it would involve them both in, deterred him from approaching so near Lucca.

“What passed until we arrived at the rock of Lampedosa, you are well acquainted with. I know not whether you took notice of it, but I fancied you did, that when you parted from us, and kissed your hand, I shed tears; a presentiment of evil hung over me, and that evening I
fully

fully intended to have claimed your protection, and confided to you all I knew; for I had heard whispers of ‘secret passages,’ and ‘sudden escape,’ betwixt Lamska and the bailiff, who cast upon me looks, that made me tremble for my own life. Ah! what misery should I have escaped, had I taken that resolution sooner! I should not now have to lament that I am——”

Here Berenice drooped her head with confusion; her tongue had gone farther than she intended, and Harolde finished the sentence—“The wife of another,’ you would have added; and if you have cause to lament it, how much more have I? But there is a remedy, and we may yet be blessed, without being guilty.”

Saying this, he respectfully kissed her hand, which drawing across her eyes, she

proceeded—"It would be gross affectation, were I to deny that I perceived I had created an interest in your heart; and I candidly own, I indulged in sentiments towards you I had never before or since felt for any other man. No sooner were you gone on board, than Bernardo advanced towards me with a stern air, whilst Lamska and the bailiff loaded themselves with the boxes of treasure——"

CHAP. III.

The murderer flies from justice all in vain,
 He's mark'd for vengeance by the brand of Cain. M. B.

.....

Adversity companion of her way,
 Still o'er her victim hung with iron sway;
 Bade new distresses every instant grow,
 Marking each change of place with change of wo.

FALCONER.

Appearance of a British officer—he stays dinner—nearly exposes *Harolde's* amour at Malta.—A trip to the garrison.—*Berenice* finds a son of *Demetrius*, an officer in the Greek infantry—signs a deed of gift of all her property at *Lernicah* to his father, whose fortunes have fallen to decay.—Death of the old *Bashaw*.—A barrel of “*Whitbread's* entire” giving entire satisfaction to the company.—Captain *Styles* reluctantly introduced.—*Harolde's* reception of him.—A dance with the natives, and a friendly supper.—Remarks.—Old *Styles* appointed *Harolde's* steward.—*Harolde's* anxiety to preserve his reputation.—Scene changes to a palace in *St. Mark's Place* at *Venice*.—*Harolde's* habits.—The Count proves a debauchee and a bad husband.—State of society and manners.—*Harolde's* charities

—he superintends the child *St. Florian's* education—remove across the Adriatic to a country house.—*Berenice* again resumes her narrative—the manner she was forced up a subterraneous passage at Lampedosa by *Bernardo*—locked down in the vessel's cabin—a battle—her dreadful state of agitation—is removed on board a corsair of *Estora*—her treatment by the barbarians—near *Estora* are boarded by a vessel, having on board the Sardinian Ambassador—she is ransomed by Count *St. Florian*, and taken to Cagliari.

THE narrative of suffering innocence was here interrupted by the Count's arrival, in company with a British officer, leading his horse by the bridle: he let him loose to graze, and with true military frankness, bowed to the Countess, and unIntroduced, addressed himself to *Harold*; he was, he said, the commanding officer, stationed at Fort Ithaca; and that day he had returned from assisting to quell an insurrection in the isle of Santa Maura. Learning from his officers that a British nobleman had been shipwrecked, and resided somewhere

where near the fisherman's cove, he had lost no time in hastening to offer his services, and was highly displeased his officers had not preceded him in exercising the rites of hospitality. He had met the Count in his way, and from him learnt how they were accommodated, which was as well perhaps as they could be in the Castle, where he, however, hoped to be frequently honoured with their company, whilst they remained on the island.

Harolde and the Count both promised "to beat up his quarters," and pressed him to stay dinner, which was served up under a canopy before the house, Harolde's servant taking special care to treat them with Yorkshire pudding and roast beef.

The Colonel, whose title and decorations denoted that he was esteemed in his
E 4
profession,

profession, entertained them with all the news Ionia afforded: he had accompanied the Governor to Malta, not long ago, of which place also he was ruler, and was proceeding to give a detail of events in which Harolde was materially concerned, already known to the reader, and which he would not have had revealed to Berenice on any account whatever. In vain Harolde pledged him in a bumper, and troubled him to help the Countess to confectionery she did not want—he would go on; he was a talking soldier, and happy if he created a laugh, even at the expence of himself.

Harolde had no way but one to put an end to his loquacity: he pretended sudden illness, and was forced to retire from the room. This broke up the harmony of the meeting with “admired disorder;”
having

having dismissed the Count and Countess, who followed him, with an assurance that it was only a giddiness which he was subject to in warm weather, and would soon be over. No sooner were they gone, than he ordered his servant to call out the Colonel, under pretence of a soldier wanting to speak to him, and bring him instantly into his apartment.

It was well his orders were quickly issued and obeyed, for the Colonel had just recommenced his story, by observing "it would serve to dispel the gloom which overshadowed the Countess's brow;" (here the Count knit *his* brow,) "as it was an inimitable intrigue betwixt a nobleman of notorious fame and a doctor's lady, which ended in a duel and an elopement."

Frank here entered, and delivered his

message, when the Colonel begging pardon, followed him to his master, who accosted him with a smile, and explained to him that he was Lord Harold himself, and took this method of preventing him from exposing his frailties to his friends.

"What, then your illness was a *ruse de guerre*? Come, I like that; but you could have prevented all this, by telling me your name before."

"Recollect," said Harold, "you introduced yourself, and would not give my friend permission to name me."

"Egad that's true, my dear Don Juan, for that is the name you go by at Malta; so let us in, and mum's the word:—

* When a lady's in the case,

You know all other things give place."

He

He then turned upon his heel, and made his exit.

At any other time, Harolde would have been offended at this familiarity, and certainly have knocked any one down that presumed to call him by the rakish name of Don Juan; but he was at the Colonel's mercy, and with a good grace joined the company, with an assurance, his face proclaimed to be true, that he was "quite well."

The Colonel, who was no flincher, remained late enough to make all the gentlemen rise with headaches next morning; and as the Count declared he was not able to take the field that day, it was agreed to take the water, and beat up the Colonel in his quarters.

Boats were provided by the fishermen with alacrity, and amongst the stores Ha-

rolde had brought with him from Lisbon, through Sicily, were some barrels of "Whitbread's entire;" he had left one with Darley at Trapani, and now ordered another into the boat, as a present he knew would be acceptable in a wine country.

The Colonel, who espied their approach, very gallantly saluted the Countess with a discharge of his guns, and displayed all his colours upon the joyful occasion.

These "little courtesies of life," as Sterne calls them, are infinitely pleasing: to meet in a distant island of the main with our own countrymen, 'is one of the highest pleasures a traveller can enjoy: it is one of those cheering draughts which makes us forget the many bitter cups we have swallowed during our tedious pilgrimage, and as dear to the soul as a well of water to the parched and weary wanderer

wanderer of the burning sands in a desert clime.

An introduction of all the officers took place, with the exception of a captain, who was absent on a fishing party. The officers of the Greek infantry were not a little proud to find, in the beautiful and accomplished Berenice, a countrywoman of their own ; and one of them (so strangely do old acquaintances jostle each other in their journey through life) proved to be a son of Demetrius, mentioned by Berenice as her mother's friend, and who was intrusted with the charge of her house and garden at Cyprus.

From him Berenice learnt that her ancient lover, the poor Bashaw, had been roused from his slothful inactivity, to head an army against the Pacha of Albania, by whom he was defeated and slain ; and that

Deme-

Demetrius had, by losses in trade, fallen into decay.

“The British consul,” said the youth, “for some services my father had done in furnishing the fleet blockading Alexandria with provisions, recommended me to the Governor of these islands, who presented me with the commission I now have the honour to hold, and my father has very little to support his old age, but the house and vineyard which belongs to you.”

The Count, who was acquainted with this portion of his wife’s early adventures, acquiesced in a proposal her generous heart dictated; and in course of the day, the Colonel’s secretary drew up a deed of gift, of all the premises belonging to Berenice Sapienza, at and near Larnicah; in Cyprus,

prus, to Demetrius and his posterity for ever.

The young Greek received this munificent gift with heartfelt gratitude, and related to the gentlemen several instances of goodness, that had endeared Berenice to all the Greeks in Lernicah, and which her delicacy never even alluded to, in the "plain, unvarnished tale" she told to Harolde. These trifling things sunk deep into Harolde's mind, and he was enraptured to find her as good as she was fair.

The simplicity of a soldier's garrison-fare is always made up by the hearty welcome and good humour which prevails. No men enjoy life with such a relish as those whose lives are always in jeopardy; and the author of Douglas was never more just, than when he makes Randolph say, that—

" Danger

“ Danger to a warrior’s soul, endears
The human joy that never may return.”

After a social meal, a curtain was drawn, and displayed to the guests the barrel of Whitbread’s porter ; it was hailed with a general cheer, none of them having tasted this true British beverage for years. It was tapped in due form, at the point of the sword, and handed round the table in glass jugs, which all wished had been pewter pots, so outrageously English were they in their notions, as to fancy that bright-scoured pewter was as necessary to give a zest to porter, as a shalot to the beef-steak of an epicure.

The Greek officers preferred the juice of the Cyprus and Ionian grape, and Harolde sided with them against his countrymen.

The Colonel, unwilling that any one
should

should lose a share of this unexpected treat, inquired for the absent Captain. It was reported that he had gone to bed very much fatigued.

“ That is odd,” said his commander, “ for Harry, to my knowledge, would never be guilty of disrespect to a lady, and my guest, without some better reason than fatigue to give for his absence. Now I think on it, he offended me before, in not waiting upon my Lord Harolde, when he first landed, during my absence from the island. I will have all this explained, by ——! so acquaint him, it is my positive orders he attends here immediately.”

No sooner was the messenger gone, than the Colonel resumed his good humour; and one of the officers remarked, “ that he could not tell what the devil
ailed

ailed Harry—he had never been himself since the strangers had made their appearance, and as the officer left in command, had forbidden them to wait upon them.”

The culprit was obliged to obey the summons, and a young man made his appearance, visibly agitated.

The Colonel introduced him to the Countess, and was going to do the same towards the rest of the company, when he raised his head, and looked upon Harolde.

Both started back with looks of astonishment, and the Captain stammered out—“ I am truly ashamed and humbled in the presence of Lord Harolde, and before I ask permission to retire, I will——”

“ Sit down,” said Harolde, seizing him
by

by the hand, and pushing him into a chair; "no apologies.—Gentlemen, you all know this to be Harry Styles; he was my old schoolfellow, and particular friend: he took an advantage of me when I was absent (here Henry coloured, and all eyes fixed upon him), and married a pretty little girl to whom I was guardian, without deigning to ask my consent. He has my forgiveness; and to prove my sincerity in what I say, we will drink Mrs. Styles's good health in a bumper, with three times three."

The generosity of Harolde in thus glossing over his breach of hospitality at Lisbon, affected the Captain to tears; and in returning thanks for the honour done to his wife, he stated himself to be not only indebted to Harolde for a good partner, but his Captain's commission.

"The

"The soldier's friend" was then bumpered, to his great confusion; and Berenice, pleased to hear of his good deeds, paid him a compliment the Count thought might have been spared, and which she would have spared, had she known the history of, "Highland Mary" and "Agnes of Naples." How far the latter merited the endearing title of "a good partner," the reader must judge from former parts of this romantic history.

Whitbread's porter having been removed to make way for coffee, a dance was proposed, and for want of ladies, some of the most respectable Greek girls near the garrison were invited. They came arrayed in their best holiday suits, and unaffectedly tried to appear sensible of the honour done them.

The Countess, who addressed them in
their

their native language, soon set them free from all restraint; and a merrier set of souls never were collected in a London assemblage, than those who tripped on "the light fantastic toe" on the barren shores of Ithaca, to the notes of a tambourine and a single fife, which were all the music the island afforded.

All sat down to supper, without ceremony, together—soldiers are not partial to the "tea and turn out" of a cockney's ball. There were no jealous pates out of doors, pining after their wives and daughters, or envying their felicity. The green-eyed monster has no place of abode in *Greece*; for to use a well-merited compliment, taken from the works of a British bard,

"All her sons are brave,
And all her daughters virtuous."

There

There are exceptions to be made even in heaven, or Lucifer had never rose in rebellion; but there are no places where the name of virtue is so seldom boasted of, and so generally practised, as in the Grecian isles.

At midnight the visitors were sent home in peace, with some little presents, which would often bring to memory the garrison dance.

The nights in Greece are more agreeable for travelling in than the day, and our party declining the "field beds" offered by the Colonel, embarked in their boats: whilst the Countess sung to the music of the oars, Freeman occasionally joined chorus with a snore, which awakened the wrath of Harolde, and amused the Count, who swore that the English were a set of jovial good fellows.

Captain

Captain Styles paid Harolde a visit in the morning, and excused himself in the usual way, relative to his transactions with Agnes at Lisbon—pleading the critical situation in which he was left with the lady, and his passion, which it was not in his power to control. As he made no mention of Harolde's conduct towards his sister Mary, the latter did not think himself justified in reproaching him for “making an honest woman” of his mistress. From the Captain's account, she had made him an exemplary wife; and he had, since his marriage, been home, where he left her with his parents, a situation which was not very desirable, seeing the vicinity of Harolde Castle must always put her in mind of her first lover, to whom, excuse it any plausible way, she had acted ungratefully.

Henry

Henry acquainted Harolde that the steward of his estates was dead, and by desire of his bankers, old Styles had since conducted the business; and Harolde, with his own hand, now confirmed the appointment, desiring Henry to transmit it to his father by the first dispatches sent from Corfu. On the score of debt as to his first love affair, Harolde now stood perfectly acquitted: he had done all he could do for the family of her he loved, and much more than any young nobleman in his place would have done; but it was a bright trait in his character, that neither time, absence, or death, ever made him forget those he had loved, and who returned his love again. The same may be said of those he had unintentionally injured; he never rested until he had made an honourable reparation; and if the parties
were

were dead, those they left behind benefited by his justice, which induced him to cast the blessings intended for the father, upon the children of another generation.

To the Captain he explained the whole truth concerning the intrigue with Mrs. Pedley at Malta, carefully concealing the *dénouement*. His vanity made him secret, for he did not at all relish the idea of being accounted unfortunate in his amours. The story of Captain Bering's duel had spread through the islands, and Harolde's conduct was spoken of very unfavourably. Slander had made it a bad story at Malta; and as it travelled from isle to isle, it became worse and worse; and the more distant it was propagated from the scene of action, the less truth

appeared in it, and the means of controverting it became more difficult.

Captain Styles gladly undertook to justify his friend: and he did so, not long after, in the Corfu Gazette, daring any one personally to come forward and contradict the statement; thus he shewed gratitude at last for all the good Harolde had done to him; and when the latter found that he had offered to defend his honour with his life, he procured him the station of commandant at Ithaca, which the Colonel soon after left on promotion.

Ithaca had few charms to detain the party long: they sailed for Venice; and arriving without any thing worth recording, a palace in St. Mark's Place received the whole, and was opened to the fashionable world, in a style of magnificence suitable

able to the wealth and rank of the inmates.

Venice is only a cluster of islands, communicating with each other by means of bridges and boats; the chief of the former is the Rialto, once celebrated as a wonder, but now not to be compared with the span of a single arch belonging to any bridge over the Thames. Gondolas, small boats of two oars, handsomely painted, are the hackney-coaches of Venice, attending at the theatres, and doors, of the houses, plying for fares in the same manner,

Harolde, who delighted in the exercise of swimming, was here in his element; he passed several hours every day ploughing, with extended limbs, the waves of the Adriatic; and with his usual eccentricity, purchased a handsome stud of horses; the only place where they could

be used was not more than a hundred yards in length and width.

The aversion Harolde shewed to associate with Englishmen was great: he would not admit them within his doors, and in public he shunned them as basilisks. Every evening he had a levee in his box at the opera, where he charmed foreigners by the affability of his manner and sprightliness of his conversation; but to one of his own countrymen, however high in fortune, fame or merit, he was repulsively cold, or formal and distant. Whether this arose from affectation, or a real dislike, is immaterial—he practised it; and in time English visitors gave up being troublesome, and were satisfied to gaze at him in the public walks, and report, when they returned home, that they had seen the meteor, which shed its rays
upon

upon other lands and other people, despising that from which it first emanated.

The Count having settled his affairs to his satisfaction, plunged into all the excesses of this dissipated city. It is the focus of intrigue, and furnace of immorality. Every vice is practised in Venice that disgraces human nature, with shameless effrontery and impunity. The men are sly, deceitful, revengeful, jealous, mean, and indolent; the women voluptuous, intriguing, debauched, and base, in mind and person; and honour finds no place in the vocabulary of either sex: the profligate and the villain are esteemed more than the virtuous and good; the former are looked upon as men of the world, accomplished and clever; the latter (when they are to be found) as mean-

F 3

spirited,

spirited, low fellows, without the talent or courage to become eminent by crimes. Amongst the hereditary nobility there are some exceptions, carried to an opposite extreme; their honour is tarnished by pride and arrogance, and their contempt for all beneath them, more profound than that which caused a Coriolanus to be banished from Rome. Their ladies also affected the virtues of the mother of the Gracchi, and the heroism of Lucretia, untempered by mildness, unchastened by domestic virtues: with these Harolde loved to associate; he had a large share of family pride in his composition; and though frequently speaking with disgust of all nobility that had not merit for its origin, he was better pleased to see respect paid to his name and title, than his reputation as a scholar, a poet, or a philosopher. He

was

was not sensible of this failing, and remained blind to what all his friends saw in every action of his life. His charities were real, and devoid of all ostentation; his name never appeared in print at the head of public subscriptions, or in bills at the doors of hospitals and convents; he sought out shy, retiring poverty in the cellar and garret of disease and want, and administered comfort and consolation, where none could see and blazon forth the deed; his delight was to be thus secretly employed, and the reward he coveted was in no earthly power to give.

"From Sorrow's eye he joy'd to banish care,
And light the gloomy features of despair."

Harolde found no pleasure in the Count's society, who was a professed debauchee: the care of his wife and child

rested solely upon Harolde ; he became the boy's tutor, and the lady's comforter ; and both delighted in his instruction.

Hitherto the Count had shewed no symptoms of jealousy ; he had not time to be serious. He acted like "Beppo," in the tale of that title by Lord Byron—thought vice not the worse for wear, and valued women with Turkish precision ; he was fiery, and ever

"Stiff in extremes, and always in the wrong,
Was every thing by starts, and nothing long ;
One day for fiddling, rhyming, dancing, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking ;
And in the space of one revolving moon,
Was statesman, fidler, chymist, and buffoon."

To account for Harolde living under the same roof, and associating with such a profligate, people looked round, and began to

to try and discover a motive. Harolde's thorough detestation of settled vice and rank debauchery was well known; his selection of the steady Freeman for his friend was a proof that he valued sterling worth above flimsy vanity and the glare of gaudy pleasure. But he was seen in public to laugh at the Count's buffooneries, and assist at his regattas on the water; nay, converse with his mistresses, and gallant them to public places, such as the church and the theatre; at the former intrigues are begun, at the latter they are consummated.

The Countess's beauty did not escape the notice of the beaux and belles of Venice; and to bring her to a level with themselves, no pains were spared. She did not often go abroad, and from necessity, was then under the care of Ha-

rolde. Her visits were where virtue could be seen, and not blush at her company ; and to keep calumny down, she generally had her little boy in her hand. However, it was soon observed—" Oh, my Lord only tolerates that scape-grace for the sake of his wife!"

There was truth in the supposition, but not that guilt which was inferred. A Venetian has no idea of friendship with a woman; and whoever is noticed by a lady more than his brethren, is set down as a happy man, who has received all the privileges of a husband.

With respect to the Venetians themselves, this is true ; but Berenice had been educated in a different school ; whatever her mother's faults were, she imparted none of them to her child ; and in Cyprus, virtue was not merely a name ; though
pointed

pointed out in classic lore as the island of love, and the empire of Venus, it is at present differently constituted; the climate is not so enervating, nor any Paphian deities to be found in its groves or temples.

The heat in summer at Venice is intolerable, owing to the narrow and crowded streets, want of gardens, and trees to fan the air and dispel noxious vapours: the evenings alone are bearable—then all who can afford it embark in gondolas with music, and row or sail upon the Adriatic till morning sends them to repose.

Harolde and the Count hired a small house opposite to Venice, where they could pass and repass in two hours, by help of a gondola, and where they always slept; and there, to pass away an idle

F 6

hour,

hour, Berenice, by Harolde's desire, concluded her history, which was broken off by the rattling Colonel, on the island of Ithaca.

“ I trembled as Bernardo seized my hand, and bade me accompany him without uttering a word. He seemed to have cast off all the feelings of a parent ; and placing a dagger to my breast, I fainted, and fell at his feet. When my senses returned, I found myself in a dark place ; by a glimmering light at the entrance before me, the passage appeared to me cut in the solid rock ; but where I had been forced to enter I had no conception. I was too weak and too frightened to rise ; but Bernardo soon returned, with the bailiff, and raising me in their arms, we reached daylight on a level, half-way towards the summit of the rock. Two
pieces

pieces of rock, which exactly fitted the aperture whence we had issued, were carefully fixed, and secured by iron bars, that had double locks at either end. On this spot I discerned a bonnet of mine, which must have fallen from my poor servant in her struggles with the assassins, and being thrown after her over the precipice, was picked up by the seamen of your yacht, as you related to me.

“ I had no conception of the dreadful catastrophe; and Bernardo, in reply to my inquiries, said that my servant had remained behind of her own free-will. Pulling a flask from his pocket, he compelled me to drink; and then, supported by him and the bailiff, we descended on the opposite side from your yacht, to the bottom of the rock, by rugged steps, the least deviation from which would have
sent

sent you headlong down a precipice on one side, or a yawning chasm on the other. A small vessel, manned and armed, was ready to receive us, and launching out to sea, I was locked down in the cabin, and left to the misery of my own reflections, Bernardo not deigning to offer me one word of consolation.

“ My fate appeared beyond the reach of hope—cut off from you, on whom I had fondly looked for a release from misery, and confined where the murderer Lamska had both power and command, my destiny appeared horrible. There was but a thin deal partition betwixt the hold and cabin, and I heard the parties disputing loudly—the bailiff and Lamska insisting on an equal share of the treasure on board, which Bernardo promised ; and as if religion were not a mockery with such
villains,

villains, they swore on the holy cross to stand by each other in life and death. The submissal of Bernardo to these fellows' desires, convinced me that he had not even the power to protect me any longer, for they were all upon an equality—guilt had levelled all distinctions.

“Not being acquainted with the reasons which made Bernardo fly from your presence, all was mystery and horror to me. A noise on deck, and pulling of ropes and sails, with loud directions given to the helmsman how to steer, led me to believe that some vessel was approaching, and I fondly hoped it might be yours: presently the hatch which covered me in was removed, and Bernardo descending the ladder, opened a locker, from which he took a large bottle of spirits, and handing it up to Łamska, ordered him to recruit
the

the spirits of the crew with a dram; he then lifted the lid of a chest, and took out pistols, pikes, and sabres, with which having armed himself, he gave the remainder to a person on deck.

“ I refused to drink, and he assured me that if I made the smallest noise, he would descend, and put me to death.—‘ For,’ said he, ‘ you shall never live to triumph over my disgrace.’

“ He gave me a last look as he went up the ladder, sufficient to appal the soul—he closed the hatch, and I never saw him more.

“ A discharge of guns now thundered on my ear, and oaths and execrations from every mouth. I could hear Bernardo animating the others, sometimes with threats, and anon with promises; and from the noise of numerous feet on deck, I was assured

sured the vessel was boarded by their opponents; but the hope that it might be your yacht now vanished, for I distinctly heard voices speaking in the Moorish dialect, and a cheer of victory told me the contest was over.

“ The hatch was then burst open with a horrid crash, and a Moor, with a drawn and bloody cimeter, jumped down into the cabin. My senses here left me; and when I revived I found myself on a sofa, in a strange place, attended by two Moors, richly dressed, who were assiduously employed in bathing my temples, and the palms of my hands, with vinegar. They presented me with coffee, of which I drank, and fell asleep; on awaking, I knew that I was in a vessel's cabin, and adjusted my dress by the aid of a looking-glass over the stove.

“ After

“ After a gentle tap at the door, a Moor entered, and sat down by my side. He bade me entertain no apprehension for my safety ; that he was the captain of the ship, a rover, belonging to Estora, whither he was bound, and intended to present me to his master, the Bey, who would well reward him for so beautiful a prize.

“ I inquired what had become of Bernardo and his crew? the answer was—
‘ They are all dead.’

“ He then offered refreshment; and with an assurance that I should not be disturbed, left me. Slavery now stared me full in the face, and at this moment I would gladly have preferred being with the old Bashaw at Cyprus.

“ On the following day I was invited on deck, and became the gazing-stock of
the

the crew, none of whom treated me with disrespect, and the Captain only spoke to me ; from him I learnt that Estora was an independent Moorish state, near the city of Oran, and that they were at war with the Sicilians, whose flag Bernardo's vessel bore. The money, that Bernardo had so long and so anxiously hoarded, as the passport to greater wealth, was divided by the Captain amongst his crew and officers ; and selecting from my boxes the richest apparel I had, he requested me to dress in it next day, when they were certain of arriving at their destined port, and presenting me to the Bey, who was both young and handsome, like myself.

“ I deemed myself fortunate that my captors behaved so very politely ; and aware of the folly to murmur, I complied
with

with all their directions, and next day dressed as I had been desired. My ready compliance gave them pleasure; and when a strange ship bore down upon them, they decided that I might remain on deck if I pleased, for she was a friendly sail, under Sardinian colours.

“The sight of this vessel again revived my almost despairing hopes, and I fervently prayed to Heaven that I might find a friend before I touched Moorish ground, where an imprisonment in a harem for life was the best I dared expect.

“The city of Estora was now in sight; its white towers and minarets rose at the foot of a stupendous mountain, and the sloping sides of it were marked with rivulets, gardens, and every variety of enchanting scenery. The Captain pointed these beauties out to me, and said that his
master

master was different from other Moorish princes.—‘ These palaces,’ said he, ‘ in the valley, are his, and in each of them are one of his wives; he has only nine, and they have liberty to visit each other, and go where they choose. Your beauty tells me you will be his favourite sultana, and I hope, in prosperity, you will remember your slave, who befriended you in adversity.’

“ With a heavy heart I made him a promise I trusted death would release me from the obligation of performing. A calm ensued, and a boat from the strange ship came on board to inquire what news, as, from the state of our sails and sides, it was plain to be seen that the vessel had been in an engagement.

“ The officer who commanded the boat eyed me very attentively, and, by permission

mission of my guards, spoke to me in French, observing, that had I been a Sardinian, his master would have reclaimed me, for he was just quitting Estora, having, as ambassador from the court of Piedmont, just concluded a treaty of peace with the Bey, and released some hundreds of captives from confinement.

“How I lamented my inability to speak the Sardinian language! I entreated him, for mercy’s sake, to speak to his master, whom he represented as humane and kind, to rescue me from slavery, even though I became a servant in his household in a Christian country. Promising to do his utmost for me, the officer departed, and in the lapse of a few hours, which appeared to me like so many days, a barge, gaily decorated, came along-side,
in

in which was seated the ambassador himself.

“The Moors received him with great respect; he was a noble-looking young man, with a prepossessing countenance. He seated himself by my side on a sofa, and entreated me to unbosom myself to him. The Moors respectfully retired. I was very brief in my relation, and he appeared to sympathize in all my sorrows.

“When I concluded, he called the Captain, and offered to be my purchaser. The Captain refused, and said he would make his fortune by carrying me to the Bey, who valued no expence for pretty females.

‘And pray how much may you expect to receive from the Bey, in return for placing this poor innocent victim into slavery?’

“The

"The Captain replied—'At least five thousand sequins.'

'I will give you double that sum,' said the ambassador, 'and instantly pay it down in gold.'

"The crew heard this proposition, and beckoned to the Captain, who, after consulting with them for a few minutes, returned, and said, it was a bargain. A messenger was dispatched, who returned with the money, and I was handed from Moorish slavery into Christian protection.—My deliverer was Count St. Florian."

"I will never forgive him for his good fortune; that single act made his claim to your hand superior to mine on your heart, and I am wretched."

Harolde uttered this despondingly, and Berenice cheered him with the assurance, that

that he should never have a wretched moment, if it was in her power to prevent it.

CHAP. IV.

I saw thy pulses' maddening play,
 Wild send the pleasures devious way,
 Misled by Fancy's meteor ray,
 By passion driven;
 But yet the light that led astray
 Was light from Heaven.

BURNS.

Berenice's sorrow for losing *Harolde*.—The Count addresses her—his father refuses to consent to their marriage—from gratitude she agrees to wed him privately.—Removed to a house in Cagliari.—The old Count dies.—The Count apologizes for not acknowledging her publicly as his wife.—They sail for Venice on business.—The Count's indifferent behaviour.—The Marchioness de Guila falls in love with *Harolde*—he does not suspect it.—A trimming for the Count—his deranged affairs are settled by *Freeman*, who accompanies him to Sardinia, where his agent had cheated him grossly—leaves his wife and son under *Harolde's* care.—False hopes.—The Marchioness resides with *Berenice*, and *Harolde* quits the house.—Stanzas “To *Helen*, who forbade her lover to hope.”—Good news of the Count.—A lover's wish.—Bad news.—The Count obtains a place at Court—keeps Signora *Allegro*, and becomes
 a complete

a complete villain—his letter to, and dismissal of, *Freeman*.—*Berenice's* resolves on this intelligence.—*Harolde* returns to his apartments under the same roof with *Berenice*, and the natural consequences ensue—they resolve to live for each other.—The Marchioness discovers their close intimacy, and removes to Venice.—*Berenice* departs with *Freeman*.—*Harolde* remains, and scandal assigns him a place in the Marchioness's heart—he leaves Venice in disguise—joins *Berenice* in a cottage near *Ravenna*, and assumes the name of Signior *Perussio*.—Description of this rural retreat.—A humble coffee-party, and happiness unclouded.—Custom.—The good-hearted man.—*Harolde's* attention to children—opens a hotel occasionally in the city—launches out expensively.—The Elysian fields.—A character developed.—The Canary bird.—*Antonio Silveira*, a monk once popular—intrigues with the Countess of *Pella*—is dismissed his benefice, and excommunicated—is engaged as tutor to young *St. Florian*—persecuted by the *Pellas*—*Harolde* satirizes them in an operatic piece.—A fight, and disclosure of *Harolde's* name by a young Venetian.—*Silveira* chastises his successor in the church.—The Wanderers leave *Ravenna*—purchase a vessel.—The Count ceases to remit any money to the bankers for *Berenice's* use—refusal to land at *Crete*—advance to the *Dardanelles*—visit *St. Jean D'Acre* and *Dexzar Pacha*—procure a Greek, and anchor under the guns of the Castle of *Abydos*.

“THE Count paid me the most respectful

attention on board his ship; and when we arrived at Cagliari, he placed me in a cottage on his father's estates. How to dispose of me was a puzzling question: my wish was to return to Cyprus, and place myself under the protection of Demetrius, who had the house and gardens in trust for me.

“Wearied out with misfortunes, and disgusted with the world, I languished for a tranquil obscurity, where I might steal unnoticed to the grave. If my heart ever hankered after the busy scenes of life, it was with the hope of meeting you once more; you were the only being, except my mother, who had ever shewn an interest for me, and led me to feel those grateful sentiments in your favour, which I am sorry for, but cannot help retaining still.”

“I will never,” said Harolde, “take
any

any advantage of them, except for your own happiness and prosperity."

"This plan of going to Cyprus met the Count's disapprobation; he would not throw me again unprotected upon an unfeeling world; and the dread of falling again into the hands of pirates, or the old Bashaw, made me become less urgent to depart. He passed all his spare time with me, and declared himself my honourable admirer, in the most passionate terms: then, I believe he was sincere; but time has proved him fickle and fleeting, as dust upon the wind, or dew upon the flower. I as nearly loved him as possible; my gratitude knew no bounds; and with my consent he related our whole history to his father, and solicited his consent to our union. The proud statesman refused peremptorily; and after great persuasion, I

received his hand privately, continuing to reside at the cottage unknown to his family : there I was delivered of that lovely boy, whom I rejoice to see so devotedly attached to you, as something whispers me, a time will arrive when he can look to no other for a father and a friend. For a year we were very happy ; I returned his kindness with all the affection in my power, and he let me want for no amusement I could enjoy in such a solitary place. My health was not very good, and to obtain medical advice, as well as to have me nearer to himself, he removed me to a pleasant house in the suburbs of Cagliari, where he held an office near the person of the King, that demanded his daily attendance at the palace.

“ Not long after this, the old Count died, fortunately for me, for he was just planning
a marriage

a marriage betwixt his son and a courtier's daughter, to whom it was rumoured he bore some attachment. The report did not make me uneasy on my own account, but that of my boy, whose rights hereafter might be involved in difficulties, owing to my having no written proof of the legality of our marriage.

“ When his father died, the Count attended his remains to the country, where he remained several weeks ; and returning to Cagliari, his affection to me seemed undiminished, though he did not offer to acknowledge me as his Countess, or introduce me to any of his relations, or at Court. The excuse he made was, that he had great expectations from some old and rich relatives, who would disinherit him if they knew him to have married a foreigner who had been a slave. I acqui-

esced in these excuses, and two years glided away without any prospect of my again becoming a mother. He expressed great anxiety for a daughter, and often quarrelled with me for what was God's will alone: he kept late hours, and led a very dissipated life; and I learnt, to a certainty, that the lady to whom his father proposed marrying him, was his constant companion abroad, and that he lavished immense sums upon her, her extravagance knowing no bounds, and her family being rich only in honours and titles. He became greatly embarrassed in his circumstances, and turned his attention to the mercantile affairs in which his father had engaged at Venice. He ascertained that a very large sum was due to him, and to relieve himself from clamorous duns, and supply the means of pursuing his debauched

bauched career, he proposed to me a voyage to Venice, under the specious pretext that a change of scene and air would benefit my health, which I believe he is sorry to see so much improved. I would gladly have spent my days in the suburbs of Cagliari, but rejoice that this voyage was undertaken, since it has brought me once more acquainted with the only person to whom I dare confide all my future hopes and fears."

Harolde sympathized deeply in the tale of the unfortunate Berenice's miseries, and foresaw that they were far from being at an end. The Count had been the means of hiring the house they now inhabited, only that he might have less of his wife's company: he did not visit them oftener than once a week, and his stay never exceeded a few hours at a time. His carriage

riage towards Harolde was more distant, and he always appeared uneasy in his presence: sometimes his conduct bordered upon rudeness, which Harolde knew well how to repress; and the haughty, self-sufficient Sardinian shrunk into insignificance before the indignant frown of a British nobleman.

Amongst the ladies who did honour to her sex at Venice, was the Marchioness de Guila; linked to a dissipated husband, she bore her sufferings with spirit, and welcomed his friends, with an air of cheerfulness ill according with her wounded feelings. The Count, who was a sworn friend of the Marquis, boasted to Harolde of the high favour he enjoyed in her good opinion, and insisted upon introducing him to her acquaintance, to which he at last consented; and in a little time that
lady

lady totally neglected the Count, and scarce deigned to notice him when Harolde was one of the company. Her many virtues gained her Harolde's esteem; and Berenice, by his desire, cultivated her friendship so successfully, that the Marchioness often visited the cottage over the Adriatic for days together.

Freeman, whose employment was reading the public journals and other works to the ladies, acknowledged that she had an intellect equal to his own; and for months the whole party were very happy, save when the Count's ill humour broke upon their tranquillity. He had spoken very disrespectfully of Harolde since he had deprived him of the Marchioness's good opinion, and once in his cups threatened him in Freeman's presence: this Freeman told his friend, and Harolde instantly sent a

message to him, demanding an apology, or immediate satisfaction. Dissipation had enfeebled the Count's daring spirit, and his prowess was more conspicuous in the field of Venus than Mars. He called on Harolde, and gave an explanation which satisfied him he was not worthy of further notice.

This affair made the Count more cautious in his speech; and it having got wind that he had declined a challenge, he found his company not so greatly sought after as it had been. He resolved to move his quarters—became more domesticated, and affected to consult Harolde on his affairs, which certainly required the assistance of a prudent friend to set them right.

Freeman had more of the man of business about him than any, and he arranged
his

his concerns at Venice, so as to relieve him from debt, and at the same time shew him the absolute necessity for a retrenchment in all his hitherto profuse expences. For the household Harolde had paid every thing, and it was on himself alone that the Count had lavished his pecuniary bounty. With the thoughtlessness of a spendthrift, he had paid no attention to his family fortune in Sardinia; and Freeman discovered, on consulting his rent-roll, that his agent had not remitted him so much as one-half of his annual receipts. Alarmed at this, he became really serious, and resolved to travel homewards, and personally adjust his affairs. He got Harolde to intercede with Freeman, who had already done him such good service, and he agreed to accompany him to Cagliari.

The Countess, it was agreed, should remain

main where she was; the rapidity they meant to travel with through Italy and the south of France, rendered it impossible that she could go with them, and the increased expence would be very inconvenient. His son too was improving rapidly at a public seminary, and beneath Harolde's constant inspection, so that he could not think of removing him, and he wished, on his return, to settle him, for the completion of his education, at Padua.

Harolde undertook to be his banker, and supply the Countess with every pecuniary want during his absence; and advancing him a considerable sum for travelling expences, with Freeman he set out for Sardinia.

His altered mien, since the discovery of those difficulties his levity had plunged
him

him into, made them all hope he would in future lead a new life ; but he had drank too deep of Pleasure's cup—it was equally impossible to reclaim him from infamy and ruin, as to

“ Roll back the tides, forbid the streams to flow,
Nor let the earth returning seasons know.”

The Countess was now left dependent on Harolde's bounty ; but he took care, by placing sums in the hands of her husband's banker, to keep her in ignorance of her real situation. Weeks rolled away, and they never crossed the Adriatic, or expressed a desire to visit the city in the ocean. The Marchioness was their only female visitor, and sometimes the Marquis paid his respects to Harolde, and inquired after his lady's health.

The report at Venice was, that the
Count

Count having discovered an intimacy betwixt his lady and Harolde of too close a nature, had left her upon his hands ; and the Countess, to whose ears the report had come, was very uneasy at the foul calumny ; for it should be remarked, that previous to the Count's departure, Harolde had quitted the house, of which Freeman and himself occupied a distant wing, and fixed his abode about a mile distant, riding or walking daily to the Countess's ; and the Marchioness never left her alone—for two reasons : first, she was partial to her society, and secondly, jealous, of her engrossing all Harolde's attention ; for she had unconsciously fallen as deeply in love with him as Berenice ; and to the natural innocent simplicity of the latter, it is to be attributed, that she never shewed a symptom of jealousy when the Marchioness made his

virtues

virtues and goodness her hourly theme of conversation.

Harolde was so taken up with his Berenice, that he never dreamed of being an object of solicitude to the Marchioness, to whom he never directed an eye expressive of more than general esteem.

The Marquis knew of his lady's attachment, and so did all Venice ; she took no pains to conceal it ; and he was of that happy temper, that the child's bargain, to do as he liked, suited him in every thing. Separate apartments had long held him and his lady ; and he carried on his intrigues in the palace before her eyes.

Such things happen at Venice to both sexes, and pass by like summer clouds, without any special wonder ; 'tis there the maxim in high life to consider domestic felicity as consisting in doing what
you

you please ; and a lady only marries, that she may intrigue with greater safety ; they reverse the marriage text, and read —“ Those whom God hath joined should always be asunder.” It would puzzle Demosthenes, with his lanthorn, to find a Desdemona, or an Othello, in Venice, but plenty of Iagos and Aquillas.

It was to one of the latter description of ladies that Harolde addressed these lines, when he associated more than he wished with the Count and his dissolute companions :—

TO HELEN, WHO FORBADE ME TO HOPE.

Why does the lovely Helen smile,
 And say she *hopes* not as I do,
 Yet practise many a wanton wile,
 Which bring both *hope* and joy to view ?

The life-streams mantling o'er thy face,
 Denote thy heart both warm and kind;
 And canst thou hold from me a place,
 Which others with such ease can find?

Oh, if some other favoured youth
 Receives from thee *hope's* ardent sigh,
 Destroy me with the painful truth,
 But on thy bosom let me die!

And when with *hope* I shall expire,
 - When Love in thy embraces dies,
 Revive him with the living fire,
 That sparkles in thy glowing eyes.

The first communication from the Count and Freeman was very satisfactory; they had reached his family mansion without accident, and succeeded in recovering all the arrears due from the agent, to a considerable

siderable amount. The Count had conducted himself with dignity and propriety, and they were preparing to return by way of Cagliari, whither it was necessary the Count should go, to pay his devoirs to the King. The Count also enclosed a draft for a large sum to the Countess, and spoke of his desire to see her and his son so kindly, that Harolde was *afraid* there was some sincerity in him at last.

In love, the most honourable minds are selfish and unjust: Harolde would not himself have injured any thing the Creator formed in his own image, but he would not have been sorry to hear that the Count had broken his neck by an accident.

The next letter from Freeman was totally different from all the hopes he had raised

raised in his first. The King had appointed the Count one of his chamberlains, and assigned him apartments in the palace. The Court was gay and dissolute—the King young, indolent, and voluptuous; the Count exactly suited him, and without hesitation administered to all his impure pleasures.

He had command of a royal equipage, and shared it with Signora Allegro, the lady to whom he had been attached previous to the Venetian voyage. Notwithstanding her profligate character, she was a welcome guest at the royal table, and openly appeared as the Count's mistress.

Freeman attempted to remonstrate with him, and tried to get him to fix a day for his departure.

This

This the Count promised to do in a month; and Freeman patiently waited the issue at his lodgings, refusing to go near the Court. At the end of this period he received a letter, brief and explicit.

“ Royal Palace, Cagliari.

“ SIGNIOR,

“ I enclose you a draft on the royal treasury for six thousand florins: having paid yourself, give the balance to the Countess at Venice. She will not be sorry to know that I am going to Turin with the King, and cannot possibly be at Venice for six months to come. Commend me to my son and Lord Harolde. Your passports are at the office; and
when

when you receive this, I shall have sailed for Piedmont:

“ Yours, greatly obliged,

“ SAINT FLORIAN,

“ Royal Chamberlain.

“ *Signior Freeman,*

“ *Dumoulier's Hotel.*”

This letter Freeman enclosed to Harolde. The Countess was present when the packet arrived, and inquired if any letter was addressed to her?

Harolde, who saw that at some period she must know the truth, put Freeman's *long* account into her hand, and the Count's *short* dismissal of his friend.

Unable to give any consolation, and unwilling to interrupt the first burst of grief or indignation, which are easiest got over

over alone, he retired, and was mounting his horse, when the Marchioness desired him to walk in, and remain the evening.

He found Berenice seated, making coffee, perfectly calm and collected, and the letters laying beside her on the sofa: she said it was no more than what she expected, and only affected her as a mother; as a wife, she could have no regard for the man who had used her so brutally in this, and a hundred other instances, with many of which they were acquainted. Her future plans were easily settled; not certain that he would continue his remittances to the banker, she would draw from him the money remaining in his hands, which, with what she had in possession, would suffice to keep her and son in humble competence, till she saw
how

how this affair would end. She would bespeak Harolde's assistance to find her a proper residence, far from Venice; and lay some plan for compelling the Count to make his son an allowance equal to his birth and prospects. She would take care his interests should not be neglected, if her own were.

Harolde and the Marchioness saw no necessity for this removal, nor could she live more retired or frugal any where than in her present state; but she was resolute; and Harolde, from motives best known to himself, offered a very faint opposition to her views.

Harolde now returned to his apartments in a wing of the house, and remained often for hours in earnest conversation with Berenice. The Marchioness imagined that her company could be dis-

pensed with, and abruptly retired to Venice. Alone with the man she loved, and who was the only friend she had in the world, none can hear with astonishment that she yielded every thing to Harolde's solicitations. She became to him as a wife; and he swore to be as a husband to her, and a father to her child. No man or woman, placed as they were, but would have fallen as they did—if it can be called falling, to rise superior to the world's opinions, and live for love alone.

Freeman arrived, and confirmed in person all he had written. So lost did he consider the Count, that he believed an angel from heaven would not reclaim him. Harolde sent him into Italy, with directions to find a small place suitable to the ideas Berenice had formed, where she could have

“A home

“ A home to rest—a shelter to defend—

Peace and repose—a Briton, and a friend.”

When the Marchioness paid her last visit, she too plainly saw that *her* chance of Harolde's heart was gone, and with tears of real regret, she bade her friends adieu, promising to be a regular correspondent, when she heard where they were settled. It was far from Harolde's wish, permanently to settle any where for some years to come: well acquainted with the sensibility of Berenice, and the religious and moral virtues engraven on her heart, and only lulled asleep by love, he felt that time for reflection must not be given her—that a rapid change of scene must keep her senses continually engaged, and prevent her from thinking of what she had done, till years, or the presence of some bosom-tie, would cause her to think with-

out remorse on what it would then be her duty to believe was meant to be, and must be continued for the sake of her offspring.

Harolde cared little for the scandal of Venice ; but he was resolved not to sanction the reports of his intimacy with the Countess, by quitting the country along with her ; he therefore accepted an invitation from the Marquis de Guila, to pass a few days at his palace. Freeman and the Countess, attended by Harolde's servant, left the city in a barouche at mid-day ; and when Harolde appeared the same evening at the Marchioness's rout, and next morning on the Rialto, with the Marquis, Slander's venomous tongue again broke loose—" he had got tired of the Countess, and turned her over to his friend, that he might remain and enjoy a similar triumph

triumph over the virtue of the Marchioness."

The Maltese story also was revived, and he had the mortification to be caricatured as the "English Don Juan," and poor Freeman as his "Leporello." He bore these things as well as his nature would allow; and even the Marchioness could not account for his remaining, unless he had really fallen in love with herself, which she thought very likely, when she consulted her mirror. After a round of visits, he suddenly disappeared, without leaving a note of adieu in his apartments.

This strange conduct astonished the Marquis, threw his lady into despair, furnished chatter at the *conversations* of Venice for a week, and then Harolde, Berenice, and Freeman, were no more thought of by the giddy and gay, than the

royal family of the Sandwich Islands, or the wild beasts in Exeter 'Change.

The dress which Harold now adopted as a disguise, he ever after continued to wear when travelling — it merits description. A brown cloth waistcoat and trousers, ornamented with silver buttons; buff leather boots, a large white hat, and black feathers, and a green silk cloak thrown over all; round his middle, a red morocco belt carried his dagger and sabre, and in the holsters before him, on his horse's shoulders, were a brace of double-barrelled pistols and a book; behind him, a small leather case contained a change of linen.

In this state he rode alone from Venice to Ravenna, and approached a small house, a few hundred paces from the highway. He alighted, and was saluted by the old man and woman, who were taught to expect

pect him, by the name of "Signior Peruzzio." The little child of his adoption ran out to meet him, and he soon was happy in the embraces of his dear Berenice. He undressed, and took the bath; after which, being refreshed with a cup of wine, Berenice proceeded to shew him her little paradise. Its exterior was plain and simple, and there were only four rooms, besides offices for the menials. The sitting-room looked into a small but neat garden, at the extremity of which, under bushes of lilac and jessamine, a sofa and table were placed, to reach which a small stream was crossed, by means of a rustic bridge; a large oak tree extended its branches over all, and effectually excluded the sun's rays from the cottage windows. This room was papered blue. Some cane-bottomed chairs, a writing and

a work-table, a sofa, and a mirror, composed the furniture; a swinging shelf held a few volumes of books, and a flower-stand, dressed by the hands of Berenice, perfumed the air. In this romantic cot, not sufficient for the accommodation of an English farmer, did Harolde for a time bury his cares and anxieties, and probably experienced more real happiness than he ever did before, or since, in any situation.

As he had assumed a humble name, he set an example of humility, and partook of coffee with the old couple, to whom the place belonged.

Berenice sat beside him, and kept her hand upon his whenever they conversed, elated at the pleasure he expressed to feel, from the manner in which she had fitted up the cottage; tears of joy frequently rose
in

in her fine blue eyes, and her raven hair flowed carelessly over her bosom, which swelled with rapture, mingled with concern. She had a languid smile often playing on her Grecian features, like the sun breaking through fleecy clouds, on a May morning. She was indeed worthy of having her name connected with that of Childe Harolde, when ages have passed away, and he only will exist upon the page of immortality.

The first thing done in the morning was a tribute to custom. Harolde attended mass, remarking that it was every man's duty and interest to pay respect to that religion established in the country where he chanced to be. Agreeable to this opinion, he broke the Greek wafer at Corinth—knelt bareheaded in Armenia—and bowed to the eastern gate of the

H 5

mosque

mosque when at Constantinople. This conduct gained him many friends, and disarmed many of his enemies.

During the first few weeks he went abroad but little, and got a name amongst the neighbours of a "*good hearted man*." He sent a donation, proportioned to his appearance, to the public hospital, and the convent for distributing soup to the poor.

The charity school did not escape his notice; and the little fellows within its walls pointed out to his notice the state of a small ruined bridge, no longer passable; it led to fields where they were wont to play, but were now debarred from that enjoyment; he ordered it to be repaired, observing to Berenice— "I remember the time when, if disappointed of a run in the fields

fields by a broken bridge, it would have nearly broken my heart."

This taste for rusticity did not always please, and he made Freeman take a large hotel in the city, where, under another name, he kept open house, and Berenice did the honours of his table; when satiated with public diversions, they returned *incog* to their cottage, and again enjoyed the sweets of rustication.

Harolde was always generous, and he deemed no expence too much in shewing his love for Berenice. He took her round to the principal shops of taste and fashion, and loaded her with the richest ornaments.

When she appeared by his side, in the stage-box, at the Opera, all the men admired, and all the females envied her. They became the talk of Ravenna; and

Harolde let them talk, for he kept his secret; and to know that he was rich and an English lord, was obliged to satisfy them, who, to say the truth, were not so slanderous or inquisitive as the Venetians.

Harolde was used to recreate in what are called the Elysian Fields—the Hyde Park to Ravenna; and in his rounds, he often met and passed a young man, of a handsome exterior, very plainly apparelled, who always read in some book as he sauntered along. He appeared to the eye as if labouring under distress of mind, and indulging in the pride of secret sorrow.

A circumstance, trifling in itself, made them acquainted with each other. A young lady was amusing herself on a bank of the river, with a Canary bird, and a nest

nest of young ones; a sudden gust of wind blew one of the half-fledged tremblers into the stream, and she cried, bitterly, "that it would be drowned;" the stranger saw the cause of this misery, and throwing down his book, he plunged into the waves, and brought the bird safe on shore, presenting it to the grateful little mourner. He then hurried away, but not so fast as to outstrip Harolde, who overtook him, and begged to cover him with his cloak, until he got home to change his apparel.

This brought on a closer intimacy, and the stranger, in due time, confided to him the little history of his troubles.

Antonio Silveira was once the most celebrated preacher in Ravenna, and father confessor to all the noble families near; the monk of Lewis was not more admired
at

at one period of his day; his voice was listened to as the voice of an angel—he spake as man never before spake, and all looked upon him as a tutelar saint. Prosperity and favour, on which Heaven appeared to smile, rendered the monk incautious; he was only twenty-six years of age, very handsome, with strong passions, and a warm heart. The young Countess of Pella, whose sins he promoted, confessed, and pardoned, loved him dearly, and soon gave tokens in her shape, that his love had met with a loving return. Her husband, an old dotard of near a century's standing, had them watched, and they were detected in that which, above all men, a priest should not commit.

An account of the affair was drawn up, and transmitted to the Pope, who deprived

ved the monk of all his preferments, and pronounced upon him sentence of excommunication. He had tried every means to be restored to the bosom of the church to no purpose; like an Indian bereft of his cast, he was shunned as a pestilence, and wandered about the Elysian Fields, like a solitary ghost.

It was in these solitary musings that Harolde had observed him; and as he wanted a preceptor for young Saint Florian, he strictly inquired into his character, and found it blameless in all respects, except the *fauæ pas* which had reduced him to misery. Harolde had so many sins of this nature to answer for, that he could not harshly judge of another, and, with Berenice's consent, he engaged him, and he became one of his household.

The family of Bella bore the most bitter

ter enmity to the discarded monk; the object of his passion was removed into a distant convent; and now that Silveira had obtained a patron so unexpectedly, they tried to procure his banishment from the city; but their efforts were counteracted by the weight of his patron's purse. This rancorous, unforgiving persecution, made Harolde more his friend than he otherwise would have been; he caused him to dress well, and introduced him at all public places, where he could beard his oppressors.

Harolde wrote a petit piece for the Opera, called "The Fortunes of Silveira," which was performed with unbounded applause. One evening, the family of the Pellas attended, and one of them, an officer of the army, insulted Harolde for the protection he afforded to the libeller, so he
called

called Silveira. This language was new to the ears of Harolde, who precipitated the utterer into the lobby, and followed him; swords were drawn, and Harolde, assisted by Freeman, drove the Pellas into the street, disarming the son; Silveira, not being armed, could afford little assistance, and protected Berenice to the carriage.

The next day a public investigation of the causes which led to the tumult took place, and the Pellas were both fined and censured. A Venetian, who happened to be present, knew the person of Harolde, and disclosed his name, with the addition that he had seduced the wife of a nobleman, who now lived with him.

The nobility of Ravenna were very indignant at his presuming to introduce as his wife a woman only his *chère amie*, and blustered so loudly on the subject, that

Harolde

Harolde put a notice in the public paper, avowing himself the author of the petit piece that had given such offence, and expressing his readiness to meet any one who thought himself offended.

At the end of a week, no reply being made to this defiance, he removed to his cottage, and gave up his establishment in the city, to the great joy of the nobility, and regret of the various tradesmen.

The fellow who had succeeded Silveira in his benefices, was a younger son of a noble family, brought up to the church from necessity, and without a particle of learning or religion to save him from contempt: he was like too many of our British pluralists, useless in his vocation. Clergymen ought to be interpreters of good, the lights of the world, and monitors of instruction; if they are not this, they
ought

ought to be nothing; but driven from the pulpit, if they have not the will and power to convey sentiments into the ear; that will reach the heart, and leave a lasting impression of virtue on the mind.

The successor of Silveira was righteous over much, trying to build a reputation on seeming acts of charity, and spouting for those who wanted not his assistance; a philanthropist without benevolence—a prater without a particle of goodness—a whitewashed sepulchre, fair without, but within full of rottenness and filth; he presumed to attack Harolde from his pulpit, and was in return attacked by Silveira in the street, and soundly chastised. Suspicion turned upon the monk, and to avoid evil consequences, Harolde left his retirement by break of day; Freeman and Silveira accompanied them; the latter existed

ed upon his patron's liberality, which he repaid with gratitude—the sweetest offering that can be given to a noble and generous mind.

They hastened to the nearest port, and there a small vessel was purchased, fitted for voyaging about the Greek islands.

Letters from the Marchioness at Venice, described the career of the Count St. Florian to be the same as when he fled from Freeman at Cagliari; he had sent a small sum to the banker's, but intimated that it would be the last his wife would receive from him. His health was described as rapidly decaying; and Harolde resolved to take no steps in behalf of his son, till they were apprized of his death—an event that could not be very distant.

They sailed with a determination to be as happy as circumstances would allow;
and

and Harolde added to the crew a small band of musicians. They arrived at Crete, the capital of the island of Candia, where the Turkish governor refused to give them permission to land, as they were unprovided with passports from any British ambassador, or a firman from the Sublime Porte.

Heartily execrating the Sublime Porte and its myrmidons, they sailed, Harolde resolving to proceed at once up to the straits of the Dardanelles, it not having before occurred to them that it was impracticable to travel through Greece without a firman. They cast anchor at St. Jean d'Acre, where Dghezzar Pacha ruled with mighty sway. This man, notorious for his cruelties, and the help he received from a British officer, Sir Sydney Smith, in

in defeating Napoleon, had a respect for the English, and warmly invited the party to land. They did so. He said that a firman from the Grand Seignior was of no use in his dominions, and he would grant them a protection all along the coasts of Asia Minor. His attendants had many of them lost their noses and hands — punishments inflicted upon them for slight offences. Every thing around was tinctured with barbarity; and though he was both civil and generous, Berenice-entreated Harolde to sail as soon as possible, without danger of offending him. He was equal to his word, and gave them a *protection* to the Dardanelles or Hellespont, which they crossed in safety, though it was greatly agitated by an eastern gale, that renders it dangerous to strangers.

Having

Having obtained a Greek pilot, he moored them securely beneath the guns of the castle of Abydos.

CHAP. V.

In joyous youth, what soul hath never known
 Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to its own?
 Who hath not paus'd, when beauty's pensive eye
 Ask'd from his heart the homage of a sigh?
 Who hath not own'd, with rapture-smitten frame,
 The power of love, the magic of a name? CAMPBELL.

Interesting views from the hills of the Hellespont.—*Harolde* sails alone for Constantinople to obtain a firman to visit the Grecian islands.—Vanity of a Greek pilot.—The ruins of Troy.—Interview with the British Ambassador at Pera.—*Harolde* gets his firman by bribing a Eunuch—is detained on his return at the island of Tenedos—flies to the woods.—The island in a state of rebellion—is relieved by the commander of a Turkish corvette, and regains Abydos in security.—Proceed to Larnaca in Cyprus—find old *Demetrius* alive.—Why *Harolde* went to Cyprus.—Opening a country house with a ball.—A shot fired at *Harolde* without effect.—An uproar at the house of *Demetrius*—the inmates all arrested by soldiers, and thrust into one room.—Arrival of *Demetrius*—*Harolde* had shot a Turk, and escaped on board his yacht in the bay.—*Freeman* expects to be executed in his place.—*Silveira* released by the Italian consul.—Day-break.—Arrival of a Turkish frigate, and seizure of *Harolde's* vessel.—

vessel.—Despair of all the party.—Turkish Laws against Christians.—Removal by secret paths to the Governor's palace.—Prospect of being sewed up in a sack, and thrown into the sea.—Mutes and bowstrings.—*Berenice* faints—agreeable surprise on her recovery.—The Turk not shot.—“*Monéy* makes the mare to go” in all countries.—*Harolde*'s version of the story for which they were imprisoned.—Time to be moving.—*Silveira* remains behind with the young *St. Florian*—reasons why.—An abrupt departure.—A parting tear.—Arrival at Misitra, the ancient Sparta.—Must not forget *Helen* and *Paris*.—Visit to Janina, the capital of *Ali*, Pacha of Albania—account of the place, and his person—his admiration of *Berenice*—his minister, once an English captain of militia, and a sad dog.—*Pacha*'s intention to seize upon *Berenice*.—A gallop for liberty.—Fixed on the island of Mitylene for some time.—A daughter born to the happy pair.—Final departure of *Freeman* for England.—Munificence of *Harolde*.—Letter from *Freeman* at Turin, in Savoy.—Marriage of Count *St. Florian* with his mistress—her inconstancy.—A plan to poison her paramour—themselves are poisoned by mistake—the lady dies.—The Count exiled to Genoa—attempts to seduce an officer's wife, and is killed in a duel.—*Freeman* meets Countess *Bonvilliers*—her son the image of *Harolde*.—Arrival of *Silveira*, and his pupil, the young Count, at Mitylene.

AT this dreary place our travellers took

up their quarters in an old monastery, probably built in the days of Constantine, and by the industry of Freeman and Silveira, and the tasteful hand of Berenice, it was in time made to assume the appearance of a habitation for human beings. The Turks in the castle looked upon them no better than a parcel of brutes; and after compelling them to pay a small tribute in spirits and tobacco, left them unmolested. By ascending the hills, a fine view was to be enjoyed of innumerable Greek islands. Patmos, famous for the visions of St. John in the Revelations; Antiparos, for its subterranean beauties and wonders; Tenedos, and the ruins of Troy; the Straits of Hellespont—the Sea of Marmora, the Gulf of Bosphorus, and the splendid towers of Constantinople, formed a landscape beautiful to the eye, and interesting

resting to the heart, by a thousand poetic and historical recollections.

Harolde, leaving Berenice and the others behind, sailed for the "bright city," to obtain a passport: and when the vessel came to an anchor under shelter of Tenedos, the Greek pilot gave an instance of that pride in, and love for their ancestors, which may, at some future day, inspire them with resolution to burst the shackles which ignobly bind them, and raise them once more to the rank they formerly held amongst nations.—"Here," said he, strutting across the deck, "here *our* fleet lay at anchor."

"Your fleet!" echoed Harolde—"I never knew you boasted a navy."

"Our fleet, signior, that carried *our* heroes to the conquest of Troy."

“As well,” thought Harolde, “a Jew might exclaim, on seeing Mount Ararat, ‘there lay the first line of battle ship in Israel.’”

Harolde revered the man for the pride he took in antiquity, and rewarded him for his vanity : he landed on the ruins of Troy ; the walls were covered with earth—the forests were shrunk into clumps of bushes, and the famous river Scamander was sunk or dried up, not even a spring marking its place of existence.

“*Sic transit gloria mundi*,” sighed Harolde ; “so it is with Babylon, Jerusalem, and Troy—they all had their day, and are done ; and so will it be with myself : a little while, and I shall be trampled upon, as I do over the dust of these ruins—these once stately palaces, where

‘ The pigmy sons of power,
 Usurp’d a vain parade ;
 To glitter in the darken’d hour,
 And like the glow-worm fade.’

The memory only that such things *were*, still survives to make us feel more sensibly what we are destined to be.”

The vessel of Harolde was not permitted to pass the Straits, and sending her back to Abydos, he accepted the protection of a band of Janissaries, who, for a few crowns, guarded him to the British ambassador’s at Pera, near Constantinople.

He had formerly been acquainted with the ambassador, and they were both poetical peers. Time, and the wandering life he had led, had so altered Harolde’s features, that his friend did not recognise him, till he promised to procure him a firman, and requested his name, rank, and

business, in the Ottoman empire. Their greeting was cordial, like "cold water to a thirsty soul, or good news from a far country." The ambassador tried to dissuade him from visiting the Grecian Archipelago, many of the isles being in a state of revolt, and all Albania in arms against the Grand Seignior's authority. Harolde, for that very reason, resolved to visit it; he detested the tyranny of the Porte, and wished to see a people so bold as to resist it.

A whole month elapsed before the firman could be had from the office of the Reis Effendi, so tedious are the forms of the Ottoman Porte; and at last Harolde was indebted to a being less than man for his success. A bribe given to a black eunuch, did more towards expediting his firman, than all the influence of a British ambassador.

ambassador. But let us not despise poor devils, who cannot help their misfortunes—we have those at home that merit our contempt for degrading themselves into nonentities.

“The puny fop that simpers o’er his tea-dish,
And cries, ‘Indeed! Miss Deborah’s quite old-maidish,’
Of doubtful sex, of undetermin’d nature,
Is far below—the lowest virgin creature.”

Having obtained the firman, Harolde lost no time in returning to his friends, but was unfortunately detained on the island of Tenedos. The Greeks, stimulated by passion, had risen in rebellion against their masters; and when he landed, the Turks were carrying fire and sword through every part of that terrestrial paradise. Doubtful of both parties, and unable to procure a boat, he fled into the

I 4

woods,

woods, and remained hidden for several days, living upon grapes and oranges.

Harolde at length ventured to the town, and fortunately found a Turkish corvette just arrived in the port. He shewed his firman, and presented a watch to the commander, who ascertained that he had not been aiding the Greeks, and then landed him in safety at Abydos, where Berenice had begun to despair of ever seeing him again. Launching their bark by a circuitous route, to avoid the Turkish cruisers, they reached Cyprus, and landed at Lernicah, the place where Berenice had spent her early days, and which was endeared to her by the recollection of her mother.

Old Demetrius wept over Berenice like a child; and fancying her the wife of Harolde, he was beyond measure delighted
at

at her good fortune: he had received from his son the deed conveying to him the premises, and now entreated Berenice to receive it back again. This, it may be supposed, she declined doing, but they accepted apartments in the house.

Harolde's view in visiting Cyprus was, partly to gratify the natural desire Berenice felt to retrace the scenes of her youth, and his desire to know if the place bore any marks of the once-famous residence of the Paphian Queen—to inquire whether the fables of long-past times were to be credited, and if the Island of Love was still worthy of being a lover's abode.

Lernicah is a poor town, guarded by a fort, on which there are mounted a few pieces of cannon: the adjacent country is romantically beautiful: it was here that the British ships employed on the block-

ade of Alexandria, in 1799, resorted for supplies of provisions ; and since that period, an Englishman is always welcomed by the poor, though friendly, inhabitants.

Near to where the once splendid house of Bernardo stood, Demetrius had fitted up a neat little box : it was formerly a pavilion, in which Berenice used to work and read, and she now opened it with a ball, at which all the friends of Demetrius attended. This treat had nearly proved fatal in its issue.

The place was three miles from town, nearly hid in a forest of fruit trees ; it was ascended to by a long winding path—the cottage was surrounded by a colonnade of wood, fantastically painted, and flowers of fragrant hue grew about in profusion—a small brook glided by ; and Harolde confessed that this spot was worthy of the
Cyprian

Cyprian Queen to have whiled away her hours in voluptuous ease. But even here danger lurked unseen; for one evening Harolde was sitting in a musing mood, under the shade of a myrtle, when a shot was fired. The ball struck a portfolio which lay on his knee; and happily Berenice had just removed from his side, or she must have been killed on the spot.

The night of Berenice's ball, several of the party slept at the cottage; and early in the morning, Harolde took his gun, and proposing to himself a day's sport, settled that they should all meet at Lernieah in the evening. About midday, when the party were assembled at the house of Demetrius, they were surprised by a mob of Turks besetting the doors, and with loud clamours demanding their lives. Their noise, like that of a disturbed rookery, or

1 6

a flock

a flock of crows on the wing, threw them all into the greatest consternation. Unconscious of having given any cause of offence, they opened the door, and relied upon their innocence for security.

After much trouble, Demetrius succeeded in getting all the Turks to retire but six, who, with drawn cimeters, thrust all the party into one room, and locked them in, with threats that they should never come out with their lives. Silveira had much to do with his little charge St. Florian—Freeman prayed most heartily—and Berenice fainted repeatedly, partly through fear, and the intense heat of the room. They were offered bread, fruit, and grapes, of which no one partook but Freeman, who observed, that “a full stomach would strengthen him to meet death valiantly.”

Towards

Towards evening Demetrius came with the dreadful intelligence that Harolde had shot a Turk, and fled on board his pleasure yacht. Despair took possession of all their minds, and Berenice consoled herself with the idea that the man she loved was, at least, free from danger, and under that impression, she cared less what became of herself.

Blood for blood is a Turkish maxim, and Freeman doubted not they would execute him, in place of the real offender.

The British consul, an Italian by birth, got permission, as a great favour, for them to remain imprisoned in the house till the arrival of the Cadi, who had been sent for to Famagusta. Silveira, being an Italian, was discharged; but Berenice, as the wife of Harolde, was detained, to answer for the sin of her husband.

Silveira and Demetrius ascertained,
that

that during the day Harolde had been met by a Turkish Janissary, who, presuming on the law, that no Christian is permitted to carry arms in an Ottoman province, attempted to wrest his gun from him. In the scuffle the piece went off, and wounded the insolent robber in the thigh, but not dangerously. The Turks asserted that he was dead, in order to extort money.

The vessel, with Harolde on board, was seen from the window of their prison sailing about in the bay; and, dreadful as their situation was, they all wished to see her leave the port. There was not any Turkish vessel in harbour, or they would certainly have tried to seize upon her, and Harolde had neither men or guns to assist his friends by force of arms.

In his anxiety to know the fate of his friends,

friends, he sent his boat to land in an obscure spot; but it was watched by the Turks, and seized, the crew being also confined in Demetrius's dwelling. They said Harolde had got on board by swimming nearly the distance of three miles. His partiality to the water has been noticed before, and his favourite amusement was, in this instance, the means of preserving a life dear to his friends, and valuable to his country.

Demetrius was afraid to interfere, his own life being threatened, and Silveira undertook to swim on board the yacht, and concert measures with Harolde how to proceed, and try to avert the blow which impended over their heads. Night came on, and no one closed their eyes; every time the guards opened the door to see if their prisoners were safe, they fancied

cied a bowstring ready to be put round their necks, or a poniard to their bosoms.

At daybreak their prospects became more gloomy ; a Turkish frigate came to an anchor in the bay, and they observed the yacht made fast to her stern. Every ray of hope died within the breast of Berenice ; the fate of Harolde she looked upon as decided, and refusing all consolation, she threw herself on the floor in the greatest agony. The caresses of her little boy were of no effect, and he lifted his little hands in vain. They heard the guns of the fort and frigate interchanging salutes, and listened to it as the sound of their funeral knell.

At midday the guards came to convey them all before the Cadi, who had arrived with a whole phalanx of scribes, to investigate the business. The murder of a
Chinese

Chinese never equalled the importance they attached to this event. In Turkey it is death to shoot at a Mussulman, and he that lifts a hand, with an intent to strike a blow, loses his arm by the blow of a hatchet.

Berenice was so ill, that she had to be carried in a chair. Freeman bore his fate manfully; he cared not what became of him, since Harolde was taken. The soldiers were not so rude as might have been expected, and one of them threw his cloak over Berenice, to screen her from the sun. They were hurried on by a secret path, avoiding the streets of the town, and Freeman believed they would be secretly murdered. As for Berenice, the mildest fate she expected was, to be sewed up in a sack, and thrown into the sea to fatten sharks.

Arriving

Arriving at the back entrance to the Governor's palace, they passed through files of Janissaries, richly dressed, with drawn sabres in their hands, and were ushered into a hall, where two mutes stood, with bowstrings in their hands, ready at a nod to execute vengeance on innocence.

Berenice swooned at the horrible sight, and when she recovered her senses, to her great surprise, she found herself supported on a rich sofa by Harolde and Freeman, with a Turk, in splendid robes, sitting at her feet. Harolde strained her to his heart with the fondest affection, and kissed the heavy drops that stood upon her forehead away, kindly assuring her of being free from all danger.

In a little time every one was composed, and partaking of wine and sweet-meats,

meats, which they all required. Harolde introduced them to the governor, and Hassan Hadgee, commander of the Turkish frigate.

All looked to Harolde with curiosity for his explanation, and he proceeded—
 “Silveira has told you how I resisted the attempt to rob me of my gun; I only knew of your embarrassed situation this morning, when Silveira swam on board; and when he and I were laying a plan how to convey a bribe to the Cadi, a Turkish frigate suddenly came round the point, and ordered my little vessel alongside. She had not been sent for, but only dropped in “*par accident*.” In the commander I recognised the man who had given me protection at the island of Tenedos; and when he heard my story, which I concluded with a present, he assured
 me

me I had not any thing to fear for myself or friends ; and landing, he brought me before the Cadi. I satisfied him for his trouble, and paid the wounded man handsomely, adding a present to the soldiers. All is now over, and we are free."

Hassan received thanks from all, and the day was spent in harmony ; the Turks drinking health and long life to the infidels, whose blood they had just been panting to shed.

This unpleasant event rendered a stay at Lernicah no longer desirable ; and Demetrius, who had begun business afresh when he received the gift of the house and grounds from Berenice—it was now increasing very fast—entreated Harolde to allow Silveira to remain, and conduct his affairs.

The

The ex-friar was willing to remain, and no longer be a burden to his benefactor ; moreover, he was of an amorous disposition, and a little Greek girl, named Bela, a relation of Demetrius, was the chief motive he had for abandoning all the fair prospects held out to him by Harolde. His talents were excellent, and the young St. Florian improved in learning so rapidly under his care, that Berenice consented to leave him for three years under the roof of Demetrius, by which time it was conjectured he would be fit to enter college, and finish his studies. For this Harolde settled an annual sum on Silveira, and also on Demetrius, who promised to be a father to the boy.

Harolde, to avoid formal parting, carried his Berenice on board the yacht for a few hours, and when below at dinner, he
sent

sent for all her things; to her utter surprise, when she ascended the deck, they were out of sight of Lernicah, at sea. She wept for her son, and throwing herself into her lover's arms, gave vent to her sorrows, which gradually subsided when she reflected it was all for the best.

Nothing important occurred, till they reached Misitra, the ancient Sparta, where Menelaus held sovereign sway, and Helen his queen was stolen by Paris; but now

“ No blooming Helens tread that desert shore,
Nor Cytherea's rival gods adore.”

No remains of its ancient glory was to be seen, but a fairer Helen than Harolde's adored never enlivened Sparta at its most brilliant day.

The firman of Harolde procured him a
good

good reception, and he resolved on a trip to Janina, with the hope of seeing the far-famed Ali Pacha.

The party travelled on horseback, and passing the most gloomy valleys, and barren mountains, they arrived before the tyrant's city, placed upon a lofty rock, and surrounded by a deep fosse; it could only be entered by a drawbridge; the fortifications appeared massy and impregnable, and the flag of Albania waved defiance to all enemies.

Ali had ceased to respect the authority of the Grand Seignior; his army were well disciplined and well paid—devoted to his service; he had defeated three armies sent against him; and at the time Harolde arrived, a Turkish fleet lay at an anchor before the place, afraid to disembark the troops they had on board.

In

In reply to Harolde's message, Ali Pacha ordered him into his presence, the remainder of the party being lodged outside of the walls. He laughed at the firman, but welcomed Harolde as a British nobleman, allowing him to be seated, and presenting him with the pipe of peace. He was reclining on a Grecian couch, and smoking. In the centre of the room, a fountain of living water rose, and ran trickling over the marble floor. Venetian blinds excluded the sun. There was no furniture, save a low table of silver, on which stood fruits, sherbet, and pastry.

The Pacha had gold-mounted pistols and an attaghan in his belt. His cimeter lay by his side, and his turban, ornamented with a single feather and a cluster of diamonds, hung over his brow. His looks were placid, and his beard hanging
to

to his middle, gave him a venerable appearance. No one could perceive, from his looks, that he was a monster in crimes of the blackest dye.

Berenice was also admitted to his presence, and he conversed with her with true Albanian gallantry.

The prime minister of Ali Pacha was a man of extraordinary talents: he was an Englishman, named Adams, and many years ago a captain in the Berkshire militia: his crimes caused him to fly his country: at Constantinople he turned Mussulman, and rose to be a bashaw of three tails: he was sent with an army against Ali Pacha; but instead of fighting, he negotiated, and delivered the troops into his power; since which, he had acted as his minister in the capital, and his general in the field. Harolde detested

the fellow—not on account of his apostasy, for that, he thought, rested betwixt him and his Maker, but for the crimes he had committed and gloried him.

The attentions of Ali Pacha to Berenice, whose company he courted, aroused the fears of Harolde : he was within the walls of Janina, where the tyrant ruled despotically, and could with a nod have seized upon her for the use of his harem, and consigned Harolde to death or slavery.

Freeman had left the place, and gone back to Misitra ; and one day, when Harolde and Berenice were riding in the country, he explained to her his fears : she had no desire to become the favourite of a man, who had, on suspicion of their incontinence, commanded his three wives to be thrown into the sea, and urged Ha-
rolde

rolde to return no more to the city ; accordingly, putting spurs to their horses, they galloped away, and got safely out of Ali's dominions.

The very night of their departure, Ali's minister, at the head of a guard, came to the residence of Harolde, with an intention of seizing Berenice, and sending Harolde out of the city : he plundered the place of all the valuables it contained, which had been abandoned, without a thought, by those only anxious to be out of the tyrant's power.

Sailing from Misitra, they visited nearly all the Greek islands worthy of notice, and finally fixed their residence at Mitylene, where, for three years, happiness smiled upon them, and content spread her wings over the island, Berenice dispensing the bounty of Harolde

with a liberal hand. The bliss of Harolde was complete, when she gave birth to a daughter, the delight of his parents, who seemed but to live for its sake.

Freeman's affairs called him back to England, and the loss of this long-trying, faithful friend, threw a gloom over the mind of Harolde that lasted long. He knew the confined state of Freeman's finances, and compelled him to accept of a sum sufficient to render him independent. Harolde's estates in England, by the discovery of some mines, had become valuable, being unencumbered, except by his wife's jointure, so that he could afford to live princely and bestow liberally. From Turin Freeman wrote to Harolde, *via* Venice, and the importance of his letter roused him into action once more.

“Turin,

“ *Turin, Capital of Piedmont.*

“ MY DEAR LORD,

“ In conformity with your desires, and those of Berenice, I made this capital in my way home, and ascertained the truth of those reports which had reached Mitylene about the Count St. Florian. He was appointed private secretary to the young King, and shortly afterwards married Signora Allegro, who had been his concubine for three years. I feel happy Berenice did not know this event till now, when the unpleasant consequences are all over, and much trouble saved both to her and you. His boundless extravagance brought on his ruin. The lady sold offices of every description,

in church, state, and the army ; and her infamy was not confined to such acts alone—she sold her person to the highest bidder, and he discovered an intrigue betwixt her and one of the King's ministers. The Count's infatuation was so rooted, that after reproaching her with her baseness, he became reconciled ; and on her promise of better behaviour, brought her back to his bed and board, from which he had expelled her. His hatred of the partner in her guilt was implacable, and she, to conciliate him the more, joined in a plan to poison him at a banquet. By some mismanagement, they fell into the pit dug for others, and both of them drank of the poisoned cup, and the intended victim escaped. The Count recovered to drag on a miserable existence, never afterwards being

ing able to walk without support from his cane. The lady died, detested by all.

Such an attempt, as to destroy a minister of state, even though it had recoiled upon the projectors' heads, could not pass unpunished—the Count was sent into honourable exile, as Governor of Genoa, where he shortly after met his death in a duel with a British officer, whose wife the poor impotent wretch had endeavoured to seduce. He left no will behind him; and I understand his estates in Sardinia have been seized upon by his nearest relatives, who are at law with each other, not aware perhaps that the Countess and her son are in existence. During his life, he not only reported that she was dead, but avowed he had never been married to her.

“ You will have a troublesome job to get the young Count reinstated in his

father's possessions; but I know you will attempt it; the greater the difficulties, the more arduous will you be in persevering—the virtues of your mind are only elicited by opposition, and you will think no danger, time, or expence, unworthy of being lavished for the son of your long-loved Berenice.

“ I have met here your old favourite, the Countess of Bonvilliers, who is still in love, and has tried, in vain, to get from me the secret of your residence. I verily believe she would take a flight to Greece, in search of the Wanderer. Her son is with her, and his features forcibly remind me of your *iniquity* * * * * *

* * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

“ With my best remembrances to Berenice,

nice, and a blessing for the fruit of your loves,

“ I am ever,

“ MY DEAR HAROLDE,

“ Truly and faithfully yours,

“ CHARLES FREEMAN.

“ *To Lord Harolde, Island of Mitylene,
Grecian Archipelago, (via Venice.)*”

The tenderness of Berenice had even a tear to spare to the memory of her wretched, unjust, and cruel husband; she gratefully remembered the state of slavery from which he had released her, and he was the father of her beloved boy, whose rights Harolde prepared to maintain; and for this purpose he wrote to Silveira, who, accompanied by his charge, now a youth

of fourteen, arrived at Mitylene, and made another holiday in their little heaven.

CHAP. VI.

Doom'd o'er the world's precarious scene to sweep,
 Swift as the tempest travels to the deep,
 To know delight but by her parting smile,
 And toil, and wish, and weep a little while.

— — — — —
 Fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of my doom,
 And sink, ye stars, that light me to the tomb.

CAMPBELL.

Thoughts of a loving nature.—An attempt to apologize for *Harolde's* illicit attachments.—*Silveira* dispatched to Cagliari, with instructions to assert young *St. Florian's* rights.—Death of *Harolde's* infant daughter—grief, and a resolution to forsake the island.—*Harolde*, animated by the Greek struggles for independence, decides to embark his life and fortunes in their cause.—Horror impending over *Mitylene*.—Arrangement of private affairs at Venice, and future provision for *Berenice* and her son.—Vessel laden with munitions of war.—A regiment equipped and forwarded to the *Morea*.—The *Marquis de Guila* in poverty, *Harolde* gives him a commission in his corps.—The Marchioness joins *Berenice* as a companion.—*Harolde* detained at *Zante* by ill health—deceitful appearances—jealousy of *Berenice*—explanation—remonstrance and deception.—

deception.—A coldness between lovers.—Reception at Missolonghi.—Zeal of *Harolde*.—Discord amongst the chieftains, a source of great anxiety to him.—*Don Juan* on the field of Mars.—Virtuous resolutions made too late.—Murder of *Harolde's* faithful servant—his grief on the melancholy occasion—buries him without a stone to tell where he lies.—Landing of the Turks, and a sanguinary battle.—*Harolde's* intrepidity.—Victory declares in favour of the Greeks.—A *first* and *last* triumph.—*Harolde* laid on a sickbed—his calmness on the prospect of death—his religious hopes—acuteness of his sufferings—courage and resignation—*last* words, and *death*.—*Berenice's* distraction and stupor—she dies in her son's arms.—Summary of the *virtues* and *vices* of *Childe Harolde*, and conclusion of his loves and wanderings.

THE loves of *Childe Harolde*, hitherto so changeable, had been settled for years on one object; his light had ceased to flicker and dance in the wind of passion, but burnt a steady and pure flame; the closing career of his eventful day was marked by matchless constancy; he met in *Berenice* all he wished; his former loves were truly “love’s vagaries,” meteors fluttering about
the

the head of youth, shadowy and insincere—

“Full oft by the glare of exteriors betray’d,
Which led to bewilder, and dazzled to blind,
His fancy would roam where *false love* was portray’d,
Destruction before it, and sorrow behind.”

The recollection of his bride in England often flashed before his “mind’s eye;” and a wish to see his first-born daughter was always uppermost in his heart. He had not any thing to reproach himself with on their accounts; she had driven him forth to exile, a solitary wanderer in the desert; he had long borne “the pelting of the pitiless storm”—the summer’s heat and winter’s cold; he had sought shelter under brakes and bushes, which lacerated him cruelly for the shelter they gave, till at length he found a
lovely

lovely flower, beneath whose fragrant blossoms he reposed all his sorrows, and enjoyed the calm of love, and the Sabbath of his years.

Silveira was now dispatched to Cagliari, in Sardinia, with instructions to put the case of the young Count St. Florian into the hands of the ablest lawyers; and to transmit, from time to time, an account of his proceedings; and, when necessary, Harolde, with the Countess, would hasten to the scene of action.

There is no bliss without its alloy; whilst Harolde and Berenice were exulting in the manly virtues beginning to dawn in the young Count, Heaven, for wise purposes, deprived them of their little daughter—

“Child of their hopes, for which they liv’d in pain,
And measur’d back their steps to earth again.”

This

This was the severest blow they had ever felt; and the friendship of Freeman was not by, to pour the balm of consolation into their wounded breasts.

Harolde had the little infant embalmed, and sent to England to repose in the grave of his revered ancestors. This done, he prepared to leave Mitylene, so long the scene of his joys, now the sad remembrancer of his sorrows. He resolved to quit a life of solitude, and in busier scenes try to become a useful member of society. He had long been a citizen of Greece, and was enthusiastically attached to her cause; she was now struggling for independence against her tyrants. He had written—

“ Dash down the cup of Samian wine,
A land of slaves shall ne’er be mine ;”

and

and to assist these slaves, in shaking off the galling chain they had for centuries worn, he rose like a giant refreshed, and threw into the scale of Freedom his life and his fortune, exclaiming—

“What though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men, your country yet remains ;
By that dread name we wave the sword on high,
And swear for her to live, with her to die.”

The natives of Mitylene had just reason to deplore the absence of Harolde; his bounty had relieved all in want, and with munificence unbounded, he had fed the hungry, and clothed the naked.

The time was coming, when desolation and horror would lay waste the peaceful villages and smiling fields of this lovely isle. The Turkish garrisons were increased, and additional tribute exacted
with

with rigid power; the rack, the scourge, and the bowstring, were in full employment.

“ See stern Oppression’s iron grip,
And mad Ambition’s gory hand,
Sending, like bloodhounds from the slip,
Wo, want, and murder, o’er the land.”

But the explosion had not then taken place, which reduced Mitylene’s towers to ashes, and quenched the radiance of her glories in blood.

Harolde sailed in his yacht, which he had always kept employed, for Genoa, and thence to Venice, where he arranged all his private affairs, so that no difficulties should occur in the regularity of his remittances, and in case of his death, Berenice and her son be well provided for. She also was arduous in her country’s

try's cause ; and shaking off her wonted delicacy, vowed to attend Harolde, even on the field of battle, and animate the Greeks, by an example of female heroism.

Harolde stored his vessel with medicines for the sick and wounded, several thousand stand of arms, and a train of artillery ; and he announced his intended approach to the Greeks at Missolonghi, by sending before him a legion of volunteers, all armed and equipped at his expence, and which he intended paying from his own private purse.

His noble, generous conduct caused his name to be sounded through Greece, as that of a glorious deliverer, and the benedictions of millions ascended to Heaven for his welfare. He found at Venice the Marquis of Guila, greatly reduced in circumstances, and offered him a commission as

Major

Major in his Grecian legion. This he gratefully accepted; and the Marchioness joined Berenice, as a desirable companion. Her passion for Harolde had only increased by absence, and to be near him, she bade adieu to the voluptuous scenes of Venice, without a sigh. However, it was set down as greatly to her credit, that she voluntarily followed the fortunes of a worthless husband, who had reduced her from affluence to beggary.

Harolde remained some time at the island of Zante, to recruit his health, which was in a declining state, and all unfit for the toils he was preparing fearlessly to undergo; but his spirit soared above his bodily infirmities, and overlooking disease and death, he already stood on the confines of immortality. The careful attention of his *two* female friends restored him
to

to a deceitful state of convalescence, and to all appearance he was hale and strong.

The Marchioness was so assiduous in her attentions to Harolde, that he saw with regret Berenice began to display symptoms of jealousy : he could no longer shut his eyes to the passion with which he had inspired the Marchioness, and by remonstrating with her on the folly of indulging in what could only make her miserable, and give him great uneasiness, he only made the torch of love blaze more fiercely. She threw herself so often in his way, that he trembled for himself ; and looking upon Berenice as his wife in the eyes of Heaven, he deemed it a crime to gaze with desire on any other object. Whether or no he always kept his well-intentioned resolutions, cannot now be known : a coldness ensued betwixt him and his adored, which

which lasted until the Marquis went to Missolonghi with his regiment, and carried his wife along with him. Berenice vowed she should no more become a resident under the same roof with her. She had a narrow escape; for when the Marchioness swore to her that she valued Harolde only as a dear friend, she was practising all her arts to seduce him, and render her miserable.

“Credit once lost can never be retriev’d;
How few will trust to those who once deceiv’d!”

And Berenice no more put it in her power to deceive her.

Harmony being restored, they proceeded to Misouli, where the reception of Harolde was as though a David had come to destroy the Philistines in array against Grecian liberty. They landed, and took
up

up a residence within the fortifications, where in training his legion to the use of arms, and raising powder-mills, cannon-founderies, and new batteries, Harolde was kept in full employment.

The Marchioness went with her husband on a distant service, and Berenice, always by the side of her love, was happy indeed.

The disagreements amongst the Greek chieftains were a source of much vexation to Harolde; and he found the field of Mars, "puzzled in mazes, and perplexed with errors," equally with that of Venus. It was very strange, if not amusing, to see this votary of love, who had acquired the amorous name of "Don Juan," clad in mail, and exclaiming, vehemently,

"My soul's in arms, and eager for the fray!"

An assault upon the place was daily expected

pected to be made by the Turks, and Harolde determined to be, on every occasion,

“The first in danger, and the first in fame.”

Berenice beheld with fearful anxiety, that the harassed state of his mind injured his bodily health, and that he affected a strength which was not in him: his physical powers were on the decay, and his unyielding spirit would not submit to a temporary retirement from the advanced guard of Freedom: he longed to make some atonement for a life of dissipation, and inglorious ease, by deeds worthy of his noble name; and appeared as though he dreaded being cut off before he had distinguished himself, and laid a claim to a more manly title than that of “Don Juan.”

Hi

His heart received at this time a pang that shook him to the very centre: his faithful servant, who from his earliest childhood had attended his steps, and been to him as a guide and guard in many emergencies, was killed in an affray with some Greeks, to whom he was in the act of distributing money, by his master's orders. The ingratitude of the Greeks shocked him, who was always inclined to put too favourable a construction upon their actions; and the loss of his humble friend wrung him to the soul:—in the agony of his heart, he cursed the cause, and those engaged in it.

He attended his remains to the grave, and raised no stone to his memory, which, he said, would be more a record of Greek infamy, than a tribute to martyred virtue.

“ Full

" Full oft the flattering marble bids renown
 With blazon'd trophies deck the spotted name ;
 And oft, too oft, the venal Muses crown
 The slaves of vice with never dying fame."

He soon saw the injustice of blaming a whole nation for the crime of a few individuals, and forgot all animosity in the prospect of a present danger, which required unanimity and oblivion of injuries from all.

An attack was made on the out-works of the city, by a numerous force of Turks, who had just come, reeking with the blood of innocence, from Scio, where fifty thousand Greeks were massacred in cold blood by these relentless assassins. Harolde, on horseback, hurried to the death-doing field of commotion ; and in every place was seen where danger was the greatest. He appeared to

" Ride in the whirlwind, and direct the storm."

The enemy were eventually driven back to their ships with dreadful slaughter, and Harolde returned in triumph to the city.

This was his *first* and *last* exploit on the field of battle ; he was destined to be

“ Cut off from nature and from glory's course,
Which never mortal was more fond to run.”

His ears were deaf to the praises poured into them, and his eye sparkled not with the lustre which marks that of a conqueror. He had exerted himself too much—he had urged nature to more than she was capable of enduring ; the flashes of his spirit that went forth, no more returned ; and the citadel of his heart was weakened, sunk, and incapable of resisting the approaches of him, who is, soon or late, the conqueror of all that breathe.

Harolde reluctantly took to his bed,
from

from which he was destined never to rise. Berenice watched, and wept, and prayed beside him ; nor did the young St. Florian ever stir from his pillow. His spirit did not desert him in this last emergency—

“ Pale, but intrepid—sad, but unsubdued,”

he prepared for the last solemn scene, with the resignation of a saint, and the courage of a hero. He wrote to his wife in England, and his daughter, *blessing the latter, and forgiving the former* ; and he dictated his last will, as if he had merely been giving orders before going on a journey.

Whatever were the religious opinions of Childe Harolde, he kept them to himself ; and he now called for no clerical aid ; he spoke with confidence, free from presumption, of his reliance on divine mercy and forgiveness. His only regret was,

leaving Berenice, who he foresaw would not long survive him. He repeated, with solemn emphasis, these lines from his favourite poet Campbell :

“ Cold in the dust this perish’d heart may lie,
But that which warm’d it once can never die.”¹

His sufferings were very acute, but he allowed not a murmur or a sigh to escape his lips; and forgetting his own woes, tried to sooth those of his afflicted friend.

The evening of that day approached which was to be his final one on earth: his last words were, as he faintly pressed the hand of Berenice—“ We shall meet again !” and as the sun sunk beneath the waves, his spirit died away. He turned his head upon the pillow, and without a motion, or a groan, closed a life, during
which

which virtue and passion had been at perpetual variance.

Berenice was removed from the chamber in a state of stupefaction; her grief was too deep for utterance. She never raised her hand from her throbbing bosom—her eyes were fixed in glassy stillness—and no effort could rouse her to a sense of her miseries. This could not last; and on the third day after Harolde's death, her afflicted son beheld her gentle spirit take flight, to join that of her beloved friend—

“ ————— On a happier shore,
Where peril, pain, and death, are felt no more.”

Thus ended the wanderings and the loves of Childe Harolde. He drank deep of the cup of misery—he quaffed long and often from the mantling bowl of pleasure
and

and joy. He luxuriated in love—he looked upon the world as made for man to enjoy, and set no bounds to his desires in pursuit of enjoyment. He did not distinguish between rational and licentious delights. He was the author of all his own misfortunes; by aiming to possess *too much*, he failed to enjoy the *certain little* in his power. His fancy was always raising edifices with *hope*, and kicking them down in *despair*. He had a better opinion of the frail part in the female creation than reason justified—he had a worse opinion of mankind than they deserved. All his *vices* were tinged with the hues of *virtue*—all his *virtues* sullied by the gloom of *vice*. He was not formed to be happy in himself, or communicate lasting happiness to another; his heart was feverish, and his brain giddy—he had too much